

THE
TOUR
and
OTHER POEMS





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THE TOUR
AND OTHER POEMS

WORKS

BY

Professor J. LOGAN LOBLEY, F.G.S., F.R.G.S., &c.

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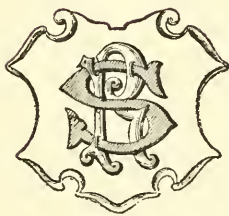
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J. LOGAN LOBLEY



LONDON :

ROBERT SUTTON

WALPOLE HOUSE, HENRIETTA ST., COVENT GARDEN, W.C

[*Entered at Stationers' Hall.*]

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To
THE MEMORY
OF
MY WIFE

917891

PREFACE

THAT verse is not now so much read as formerly is often deplored by those desiring the higher culture of the people. But may not this be due, at least in part, to those writers who, aiming at originality and profundity, render their meaning so obscure that their works are uninteresting to ordinary readers.

The verses contained in this little book are simple rhymes in simple language on thoughts that must have been expressed by many in other words. But if by the plainness of the language and the simplicity or even obviousness of the thoughts, they succeed in obtaining the attention of those who would be deterred by more ambitious poetry they will have done something to widen the circle of readers of verse.

The sonnets in *THE TOUR* do not aim at being descriptive, for anything approaching description would obviously be impossible in the fourteen decasyllabic lines to which the sonnet is restricted. They are rather intended to be crystallisations, as it were, of some of the chief characteristics or principal points of interest, topographical and historical, of the cities and other places dealt with. As these include many of the places of interest usually visited during a tour of the British Islands and the continent of Europe, it is hoped that *THE TOUR* may form a pleasant travelling companion, and serve as a reminder, at least, of features and events which have an enduring interest.

Though the localities were visited by the author and the sonnets written at very different times, the whole has been

arranged in a geographical sequence, commencing with London and embracing first the British Islands, and then a large portion of the continent of Europe.

Travel is of value both in the instruction and pleasure it affords, as well as by its promotion of goodwill between inhabitants of different countries. If, therefore, this little volume of verse tends in any measure to encourage travel, or conduces at all to the enjoyment of travellers, it will give great pleasure to

THE AUTHOR.

LONDON, 1912.

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THE TOUR

TRAVEL

To travel is to learn, to all is known,
And knowledge gives to travel pleasure great;
But pleasure is increased, as all must own,
When we, in any distant town or State,
Look on new ways without a frowning face,
With kindly disposition seek the good,
Are friendly, howe'er strange the creed or race,
And love mankind as one great brotherhood.
Nor is home valued less when left awhile
For foreign lands and other ways and modes,
Since on return we welcome grasp and smile
And all the comforts of our old abodes.
From home we go to gather "mental treasure,
That afterwards at home gives constant pleasure.

I

LONDON

AMAZING city! like to none before
In population, magnitude, and wealth,
Though none at all did ever higher soar
In freedom, and security, and health.
Its mighty body, in Thames Valley wide,
In three fair counties spreads its lengthy arms,
From City dense by parks to country side,
Embracing thus both town and rural charms.
By Briton, Roman, Saxon, 'twas begun,
And then by modern English power advanced,
Now let it be by stately beauty won
For health and happiness to be enhanced.
Were this vast town as beautiful as great
'Twould crown most worthily the British State.

II

ST. PAUL'S

WHENE'ER in busy London streets we see
Great Wren's Majestic pile and splendid dome,
Where crowds now reverently bend the knee
And hear the reading of the sacred tome,
We gaze with pride and admiration great
At our St. Paul's most grand and graceful lines,
A great cathedral worthy of a State
That solid strength with mind and soul combines.
But when through lofty portals entering then
We see the massive walls all cold and bare,
A vision rises of indignant Wren
From out the grave complaining greatly there.
In London City where a million's made a week,
A Paul's Church now complete we may not seek.

III

THE TOWER

A FORTRESS, palace, and a prison strong,
For eight much changing centuries has stood,
A witness of the good that comes from wrong—
An evolution little understood.
The executions and the wrong done here
Were consequent upon strong ruling power,
That made both lawless and those not so fear,
For both alike were prisoned in the Tower.
Yet all that time securely was the State
Maintained untouched against all Europe's strength.
For that same power that held the Traitor's gate
Has made an England free as strong at length.
 So good from evil often does arise,
 To find the good gives pleasure to the wise.

IV

WESTMINSTER ABBEY

WITH footfall soft we tread the Abbey stones
Between the long arcades of pointed arch,
For we are treading over honoured bones
Of noble soldiers in this life's great march.
The mighty dead for ages have been laid
Beneath the venerable Abbey's roof
That covered first King Edward, Saint then made,
And founding Peter's Abbey was the proof.
A loved and sacred shrine of Edward then,
A monument of greatness now 'tis seen,
For here are resting England's noblest men,
The chiefs in Britain's battle long and keen.
 'Tis grandest place to raise the soul of man
 Above base mammon that it all does ban.

V

WESTMINSTER HALL

THEY stones cry out "this is historic ground,"
For on them gauntlets often have been thrown
When Royal England's monarchs have been crowned
Upon the neighbouring Abbey's ancient throne.
But not alone on them have festive scenes
Been occupants of this most noble hall,
That seems so fitted for great Kings and Queens,
For regal banquet and for festive ball;
For here were held high trials by the State
With endings that were tragically sad;
Here King, and Queen, and statesmen, met a fate
That brought them cruel death or end as bad.
The great have often lives of wide extremes
That to the lowly placed are but in dreams.

VI

THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT

QUITE near the Abbey's consecrated ground
There stands a regal pile ornately grand,
And by a massive lofty tower well crowned—
The palace for the Senate of the land.
Though new it takes the mind to Edward's reign
When Barons and the Commons' men first met—
The men of action and of words and brains—
To whom all England owes a lasting debt.
And through the centuries that since have passed,
How great the statesmen that have had renown.
Their memories the nation will hold fast,
For they have served both people and the crown.
Our Parliament has had such lengthy fame,
The Mother Parliament is now its claim.

VII

THE THAMES

GREAT London's river, sprung from Cotteswold Hills,
Meanders long through woods and verdant vales,
Receiver of a thousand feeding rills
Its broadened bosom bears a thousand sails.
Past Oxford's classic spires and Newnham's bowers,
Through Pangbourn's lovely gorge, past Reading town,
Then kissing Cliveden smiles on Windsor's towers,
And laughing o'er the weirs, the Thames flows down.
But soon it weds the water from the sea,
When glad to join its fuller life, then pour
The waters of the Wandle, Darwent, Lea,
Before old ocean drinks it at the Nore.

A charming laughing childhood, beauteous youth,
And noble prime, has England's Thames in truth.

VIII

SURREY

THY hills, Oh, Surrey! and thy lovely vales,
Thy hanging woods and winding silver streams,
Thy thickets with their warbling nightingales,
Are all as beautiful as poets' dreams.
From end to end a valley lies beside
The swelling downs, that sweetly smile above
The wealth of verdure on the meadows wide—
Like bridegroom on his bride he guards with love.
And yet how wild and seemingly remote
Are parts of this Home County! wastes so lone
And woods so dense and wide, without a note
Of human kind as though they were unknown.

How varied are the scenes on English ground!
Where can their like in all the world be found?

IX

RUNNYMEAD

THIS Surrey mead to us is sacred ground,
For here the Charter of our rights was signed,
With men-at-arms and Barons standing round
The King, who then for us the Crown did bind.
And ever since that time this field has lain
An open meadow by the river's side,
With wooded heights that rise above the plain
That far beyond the Thames extends so wide.
For seven hundred years this mead no change
Has seen, while from our Magna Charta's fruit
Grow changes of illimitable range—
A mighty harvest from a single root.
And so in history it has often been—
The end from the beginning's seldom seen.

X

BERKSHIRE

THE Royal County, Berks is often named
From Windsor's castled palace standing there,
In the first William's time there was far famed
His Royal Thames-side fortress strong and fair
But ere the Norman came across the sea
This shire gave birth to the great Saxon King,¹
And in its rustic children still we see
The Saxon hair and eyes the poets sing.
A truly Saxon county is fair Berks
And so is fitting home for King and Queen,
A shire of hills and vales, and woods and parks,
And graced by winding Thames with silver sheen.
But little change was made by Norman or by Dane,
Our people still are Saxon in the main.

¹ King Alfred.

XI

WINDSOR CASTLE

A CROWN of Berkshire, Royal Windsor stands
As monument of England's regal race,
A castle that the vale of Thames commands
Not sternly but with stately kingly grace.
At first a single fortress on a mound
But now a great and splendid castle's seen,
With lofty towers and stately turrets crowned
That rise above a leafy sea of green.
It typifies the change in England's state
That once was poor, and crude, and wild and small,
But now is rich, and populous and great,
With law and ordered freedom crowning all.
By change on change alone we progress gain.
If change should cease then discord soon would reign.

XII

CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL

THE lofty towers of Canterbury rise
Above the ancient city clustered round,
The church of those of old who were so wise
To so endow for aye this Kentish ground.
For here Augustine preached to Saxon King
Those sacred things that savage natures raise,
Then not the King alone but subjects bring
Their offerings for a fane for prayer and praise.
Then afterwards a Norman pile arose
When "King's men" there the great Archbishop slew,
And when the Church and State had more repose
The Gothic towers of Canterbury grew.
Our old cathedrals' growth is writ in style,
For Norman arch we see and Gothic aisle.

XIII

DOVER

THE Key of England, Dover has been named,
With Norman castle on its storm-beat rock
And forts that are for strength defensive famed,
Though may their guns ne'er join in battle's shock.
In olden days the door as well as key
Was Dover, for kings and armies trod its strand
When victors from great fields across the sea,
Or to receive the crown of Britain's land.
The English foot-men with their long, strong bows,
King Edward, Harry, too, of Agincourt,
The burghers saw exulting o'er their foes,
And Charles, restored, here stept on England's shore.
The white chalk cliffs to Albion gave its name,
As base of fortress strong, to Dover fame.

XIV

ALDWORTH

ON Blackdown's brow two diverse spirits met,
Of Poetry and Science¹—each a pole.
Commingling then they joined to pay a debt
Of rev'rence due to Tennyson's high soul
At Aldworth, place most meet. It looks afar—
And it was his, the home he made, and here
He lived, and thought, and wrote, and "crossed the bar."
A fitting home for poet and for seer,
With velvet lawns "on this high down,"
And richest foliage, and nothing there
To mar repose or savour of the town,
For all is beautiful and bright and fair.
And here it was some men of science stood,
And heard, "'Tis only noble to be good"!

¹ Visit of a Science Congress to Aldworth.

XV

SOUTHAMPTON

THE sea, extending to Southampton town
And there dividing to embrace the land,
Brings wealth to-day in peace with much renown
To this fair port on Hampshire's southern strand.
In harbour here great ocean-ships we see
That knit Great Britain to the East and West,
But in the past from old Southampton quay
The warlike Harry sailed with plumèd crest.
Then men-at-arms the old Bar-gate marched through,
To fight at Agincourt in England's name;
The latest Henry with Anne Boleyn, too,
And long before, King John brought court and fame.
 The feudal and the stormy warlike past
 Has brought to England's shores blest peace at last.

XVI

THE ISLE OF WIGHT

WHEN sailing o'er the Channel waters bright
We come to England after absence long,
And see the Needles of the Isle of Wight,
Our hearts rejoice, and voices rise in song.
And when we see the softly swelling downs,
That smile so sweetly in the sunny light,
And at their feet the sparkle of the towns,
We take a welcome from the Isle of Wight.
But by this island home of free-born peace
Are mighty engines for destruction dire,
For freedom and tranquillity would cease
Were they not there to speak with tongues of fire.
 Security for peace, sometimes, we know,
 Is best obtained by bending well the bow.

XVII

THE NEW FOREST

THIS widespread forest of our southern land
Is Norman England in Victoria's reign,
But free from Forest Laws and King's command :
So 'tis Old England, but without its bane.
Its oaks are grand, its sylvan glades delight,
Its breezy heaths and prospects all around
Refresh the spirit while they charm the sight ;
And lowlier beauties are o'er all the ground.
So let this noble forest be preserved
For England's sons in all the future days,
And then a noble purpose 'twill have served,
Though formed to serve a King's barbaric ways.
By adaptation to a better end
We keep whatever's good and it amend.

XVIII

OXFORD

By gentle rivers classic Oxford lies,
A crowd of academic buildings old,
With domes, and towers, and spires, that stately rise
As monuments of love of more than gold.
And these inspire with love of truth and right,
The soaring spirit of the Isis banks
That emulates those olden men of light
Who long since nobly won a nation's thanks.
Though hoary from her venerable age,
And grave and lofty from her learning too,
With smiling face she greets both youth and sage
And fosters knowledge whether old or new.
The past's not dead that still gives mental force
Impelling youth to take a noble course.

XIX

THE COLLEGES OF OXFORD

QUADRANGLES cloistered, with soft velvet lawns,
Seem closed to common thoughts and anxious cares,
Befitting those on whom high learning dawns,
Who here can take the wheat and leave the tares
Of our rich harvest of the gathered years.
Secluded gardens lingering footsteps woo,
Where naught discordant strikes upon the ears,
'Neath lofty elms at Merton and at New
In softest shade beside old mossy walls,
That give to students' thoughts benignity,
While antique stately chapels, towers, and halls
Impress the mind with learning's dignity
In Oxford's colleges are well combined
Great aids to learning and a larger mind.

XX

CHRIST CHURCH COLLEGE

A DOME-CAPPED tower over archway wide
Marks entrance to the college old and great
That lordly Wolsey founded e're he tried
To soften Henry's ire at his estate.
He tried in vain, but he did more achieve
By his great college giving mental treasure
To those who here rich learning do receive,
Than any lessening of a king's displeasure.
At many things we aim and many miss,
But sometimes gain a point we have not seen
That may give us or others no small bliss,
Though only superficial we have been.
And disappointments that are great and sore
May leave us better than we were before.

XXI

OXFORD UNIVERSITY MUSEUM

A GOODLY treasure-house of gems is here
To aid the student of the land and sea,
For wise old Oxford has no longer fear
Of truths that are of Nature's secrets key.
'Tis guard-house meet for relics of the past :
With Gothic arches and with lofty roof,
Its spacious aisles provide a home at last
For fossils, that give now the fullest proof
Of long unknown but most abundant life,
And building of the world, through æons long—
An epoch vast in which was constant strife
Though then unknown was either right or wrong.
A love of truth, with tolerance beside,
Denotes a spirit that is high and wide.

XXII

CAMBRIDGE

THE Cam that flows so calmly through the Backs
Suggests the smoothly flowing stream of knowledge
That will until it much less fulness lacks
Continue flowing in each Cambridge college.
At Peterhouse the tale was first began
Before so much that is now known to men
From the great hidden source of knowledge ran,
Though great the teachers were of Cambridge then.
But all that since to man has been revealed
By earnest thought and observation keen
And labour in the study, mine, or field,
Absorbed and taught by Cambridge now has been,
As streams commingled form the river's flow,
All truths make up the sum of knowledge so.

XXIII

TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE

HIGH seat of learning that since Henry's reign
Has seen rapt scholars walk its cloistered shade,
And world-wide reputation often gain,
That has this noble college famous made.
At Trinity were men not long ago
Whose names are blazoned now on Fame's bright scroll—
Great Whewell, Master, from whose words did flow
Deep knowledge of each part of Learning's roll,
And grand old Sedgwick, whose commanding mind
Was wedded to a large and honest heart,
Whose intellect and character combined
Made modern science of Religion part.
And many worthies more, not here to tell,
Have served their college and high learning well.

XXIV

SALISBURY CATHEDRAL

THIS pyramid of columns, arches, spires,
Adorns the Wiltshire Avon's peaceful vale,
A marvel of the Art of our past sires
When Gothic arch o'er Norman did prevail.
Throughout is seen the Early English style,
For pointed arch the clustered pillars raise
In nave and chancel, transept and in aisle,
With ordered beauty that commands our praise.
By noble spire the great cathedral's crowned,
The loftiest one in all our English lands,
And with a gem, the Chapter House renowned,
A grand harmonious whole the pile now stands.
Its arches and its spires all point above
To lead the soul towards Transcendent Love.

XXV

STONEHENGE

TRILITHONS huge rise from the velvet sward
That clothes the high extended Wiltshire plain,
And so these stones have stood e're Norman lord
Or earlier Saxon sailed these shores to gain.
They tell of greatness in the distant past
That has no written record for our sight,
But these are records that will ever last
Till time is buried in eternal night.
But man alone, of creatures Heaven has formed,
Has worked to leave a record of his day,
By massive stones and by high shrines adorned,
And by papyrus and by stampèd clay.
The human creature is alone in this,
Alone, it indicates his coming bliss.

XXVI

PLYMOUTH

FROM Plymouth Hoe a glorious prospect's seen
Across the waters of the spreading Sound,
That flash the light of wavelet's sunlit sheen
While verdant lands those shining waters bound.
In sleeping strength repose great ships of war
That now alone secure our England's peace,
And bear her meteor flag to lands afar—
Oh may that holy mission never cease!
Here Drake disported on that threatened day
When Spain's Invincible Armada came
Within an hour or two of Plymouth Bay,
Then he arose and turned its pride to shame.
So thus our dreaded and most powerful foe
Was turned aside and fell'd from Plymouth Hoe.

XXVII

DARTMOOR

THIS hilly moorland of the glorious West
Is rugged Nature with an emerald belt,
That gives the heart, the mind, the spirit, rest,
Of those who long the strain of life have felt.
With granite rocks projecting bare and high,
And grassy hollows that are green and soft.
We see a symbol of the world that's nigh
With high positions and seductions oft.
And purling streams give music to the scene
As love and kindly friendship do to life,
And brighten what is else but sad and mean—
By love to others we can bear our strife.
There is a spirit in the woods and rocks,
That spirit in the soul of man unlocks.

XXVIII

CORNWALL

AS buttress of our island Cornwall stands
With foot advanced to meet the western wave,
The earliest known of all our British lands
By stannic stones it to the ancients gave.
Its granite hills with their abundant ore
Now give the contents of their veins to man,
But tin-stones in Phœnician days of yore
Were lying where the purling waters ran.
Great Nature has so well endowed our isles
With fertile soil and wealth producing rock,
Their face with rich luxuriance smiles
And mineral stores a thousand mines unlock.
Another gift she gives that's better still,
The men to labour with a right good will.

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XXIX

THE CHANNEL ISLANDS

THEY breast the wide Atlantic's rolling swell
And break the billows with their granite rocks,
As outworks of the English citadel
They throw back gallantly the Ocean's shocks.
The chief is Jersey with its castled isle,
Then Guernsey where the rocky coast delights
And lovely coves tempt all to stay awhile,
While Alderney and Sark are satellites.
Though all exposed to wildest western storms,
Like Gardens of Hesperides of old,
They bring forth golden fruits in many forms,
And yearly yield an increase many fold.
 Though buffeted in life we yet may give
 Some blessings to the world in which we live.

XXX

THE MENDIP HILLS

THESE swelling hills of England's western land
O'erlook the winding Axe and Avon vales,
With old cathedral cities on each hand,
And then, afar, the southern land of Wales.
The rocks are bent, that form this lofty ground,
In subterranean arches massive, vast,
And some are limestones and in these are found
Great caverns, tombs of creatures of the past.
But at the west the beetling cliffs we see
That rise above the lengthy Cheddar dell,
And then the eye looks onward to the sea,
While all around are beauties few can tell.
 Each hill a centre is from which to view
 Both Nature's works and Man's additions, too.

XXXI

CLIFTON

THE inland cliffs that name this place so well
And give a grandeur to the Avon's course,
Much geologic knowledge to us tell
By showing former subterranean force.
Now gorge, and downs, and woods, invite
To high contentment with what's gone before,
For love of beauty, be it e'er so slight,
Must by the beauty here love beauty more.
Nor is this wealth of verdure, rocks and downs,
Remote from cities and the haunts of men,
For there are here two neighbouring towns
That look upon the Avon's lovely glen.
When crowded town in beauteous country's placed
The people gain, the town's ornately graced.

XXXII

STRATFORD-ON-AVON

How soft thy vales, how grand thy ancient trees,
Thou central land, Historic Warwickshire!
And though not shrines at which to bend the knees,
Thou still hast shrines that ardent souls inspire.
First, Stratford on the placid Avon's bank,
With Birthplace, School and Tomb, and Home till death,
Of Shakespeare, far above all courtly rank.
A central English town thus gave first breath
To England's greatest son. A lofty spire,
An ancient church, a bridge, and meadows round—
An English scene that fed celestial fire
That gave the glory with which he is crowned.
The gentle Shakespeare, born midst verdant meads,
The mind to high heroic thoughts now leads.

XXXIII

WARWICK

WHEN Ethelfleda lived on Avon's side
No castled pile rose high above the bank,
And stern old Norman lords lived here and died,
E'er Gothic arches stood in ordered rank.
But now the buildings of the past remain
As records of successive times and ways,
So here we find in the Fifth George's reign
The history writ in stone of former days.
And not far off in lovely Avon vale
An ancient mill and rocky caves are seen,
That tell another old historic tale
Of England's past and things that once have been.
And so o'er England's broad expanse we find,
Both towns and hamlets with its past entwined.

XXXIV

KENILWORTH CASTLE

OLD Kenilworth stands high with drained moat
And lake, where in the great Eliza's reign
To please the Queen some mimic ships did float,
While she beheld, with Leicester in her train.
A ruin now, but pleasure yet it gives
To those who read an old historic place,
For in their minds again proud Leicester lives,
And doffs his cap when bowing to Her Grace.
Around this ancient pile are sylvan lands
With noble woods by Avon's silver stream,
And here the old gnarled oak in thousands stands,
For this is Arden of the Poet's dream.

Our England has a grand historic past,
Its present in still nobler mould is cast.

XXXV

EDGEHILL

THIS Midland hill that now so peaceful seems
With smiling orchards and with harvest fields,
We scarce can think of now with armour's gleams,
With pikes, and with the sword the horseman wields.
Yet so it was in Charles's chequered days
When Englishman with Englishman did fight,
While halls and homesteads, too, were all ablaze,
So fierce the contest for what each thought right.
Though we may see on which side lay the blame,
And none be champions now of those condemned;
Had we lived then we might have gathered fame
By fighting with the party now contemned.
By changes great our modern thoughts and ways
Unfit our minds to judge the olden days.

XXXVI

THE WYE

WITH richly wooded banks and castles nigh,
And Tintern's arches rising by its stream,
Towards the Severn flows the radiant Wye
Through valley that is beauteous as a dream.
When men-at-arms held Chepstow's lordly pile,
And Abbots ruled in Tintern's verdant glade,
And paced with reverent steps the long drawn aisle,
Then elves disported and the fairies played.
These phantoms of the past departed are,
Affrighted by the modern railway scream;
In maddening rush the train with fiery car
On iron bridge bestrides Wye's ancient stream.
The old romantic past so changed has been
A castle, abbey, railway, here are seen.

XXXVII

THE SEVERN

ADOWN Plinlimmon's heights with steep descent
The Severn seeks in haste Solopian vales,
Though Vyrnwy's tributary torrent's pent¹
Yet Severn's brimming water never fails.
Sabrina smiling passes Shrewsbury clock,
Then through a narrow vale seeks Worcester's tower
And flowing southwards on through bridge and lock,
It reaches Gloucester passing hall and bower.
Soon afterwards it meets the rushing tide
In roaring bore that piles the water high,
And then becomes a sea-like channel wide
That takes the waters of the Usk and Wye.

From small beginnings lives may yet grow great
By holding fast the good that's brought by fate.

XXXVIII

THE MALVERN HILLS

THE Malvern Ridge between two counties stands,
With eastern slopes to Worcester's spreading vale,
And western side to Hereford's rich lands
Of woods, and corn, and orchards, hill and dale.
So from its summit we can well survey
Two beauteous portions of our English land,
Through one the winding Severn makes its way
Dividing all the plain with silver band.
This ridge was island once and all around
The surface of the great Silurian sea,
And then, at later times, the western bound
Of waters spreading far as eye can see.

The former seas and lands we only know
When humbly to Geology we go.

¹ In a great reservoir.

XXXIX

THE DEE

HALF Welsh, half English is the gentle Dee,
'Tis born in Wales, in England 'tis mature,
And then 'tween Wales and England meets the sea,
But all throughout its many charms allure.
On rocky bed Llangollen sees the stream,
Then Wynstay woods hang o'er its placid face,
And Eaton sees its broadened surface gleam
As Dee flows on old Chester's walls to grace.
A record ancient has the River Dee,
For on its banks was Bangor's Druids' town,
And British curricles e'en now we see
On Deva's silver waters floating down.
From Bala Lake, the river's mountain source,
No part in beauty lacks throughout its course.

XL

BANGOR ISYCOED

THE simple quiet village, Bangor, rests
With church and rectory in the Vale of Dee,
With meadows round about and wooded crests,
And peaceful homes and cornlands, too, we see.
Yet here there was in ancient Saxon days
A British town with seven gates they say,
Where seven hundred priests sang daily praise
But did not Saxon bishops then obey.
So here those British priests were slaughtered all,
Their homes and colleges were, too, o'erthrown,
And not a stone of town, or gate, or wall
Remains, and e'en the site is now o'ergrown.
Such crimes through resting on Religion's name
Are done for want of it and there's the blame.

XLI

CHESTER

ON Deva's banks an ancient city stands,
And quite encompassed by a gated wall,
That looks o'er widely spreading lower lands
And river flowing to an old weir fall.
The four chief streets that in a cross now meet
Were in a Roman camp its two great ways
And at the side of each old gabled street
Are raised arcades that speak of other days.
In Saxon times King Edgar on the Dee
Was rowed by tributary princes here,
To where a bridge with ancient mill we see
Whose Miller did not e'en the bluff king fear.
A place with ancient memories most rare
And still a city flourishing and fair.

XLII

CARNARVON CASTLE

WHERE two seas meet to separate two lands,
With Snowdon's cloudy summit sometimes seen
With hoary walls, Carnarvon Castle stands.
Within those walls a kingly court has been,
For more than castle 'twas in Edward's days,
Since it was palace of the King in Wales;
And here he won the Cymric people's praise
By giving them his son as Prince of Wales.
The lengthy circuit of the castle walls
Proclaim its splendid magnitude of old;
Its ruins e'en show large and spacious halls
That once resplendent were with steel and gold.
King Edward's castles to o'erawe the land
Do now as picturesque adornments stand.

XLIII

LANCASHIRE

THE County Palatine is grandly placed
In Britain midway 'tween the north and south,
'Tis backed by hills and by the sea 'tis faced
From Cumberland to Mersey's noble mouth.
A microcosm the shire might well be named
Since every kind of land and soil it holds,
For every industry it has been famed,
And mighty names its history enfolds.
The tale were long to tell, but Gaunt's old pile
At Lancaster was once the home of kings,
And even to these monarchs of our isle
The title Duke of Lancaster still clings.
But every county has a record old,
And great as well, when all the tale is told.

XLIV

LIVERPOOL

THE second city of our England wide
But first of all its ports is Liverpool,
Great home of commerce by the Mersey's side,
In bye-gone days a village by a pool.
It was my birth-place, no mean city then,
Though not a city called but only town,
But yet a town that boasted famous men
Who had for more than trade or wealth renown.
Its princely merchants, patrons of the Arts,
With Roscoe, Hemans, Brougham, then gave it name,
Its statesmen, too, have played distinguished parts
With noble Gladstone of enduring fame.
So poets, orators, and statesmen gave
Distinction to the port by Mersey's wave.

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XLV

THE ISLE OF MAN

IN early days I knew this island well,
Where stormy waves break with resounding roar,
Where mountain, hill, and dale, and wooded dell,
Are all encircled by its rocky shore.
And this is circled by the bounding sea
That touches England, Scotland, Ireland, Wales,
And all the four from Snaefell's top we see,
When looking o'er bright waters flecked with sails.
This central land of all the British Isles
Is separate in law and government,
Yet Mona in her happy welfare smiles
With House of Keys and Tynwald law content.
Our nation is complex yet one in heart ;
The good of all is welfare of each part.

XLVI

MANCHESTER

THIS great industrial city of the North
Took famous part in past politic strife,
For here the "silver trumpet" sounded forth
That gave the British nation higher life.
For near to Cobden's side, Bright always stood
In condemnation of the People's wrong,
And advocacy of the nation's good,
By noble eloquence both clear and strong.
One well remembers, too, the glorious day
When Manchester received with regal state
Heroic Kossuth, who had paved the way
For Hungary to be again a State.
The freedom-loving North will always stand
For right and liberty in every land.

XLVII

FURNESS

'TIS land of Lancashire, yet quite apart,
And though far north is beautiful and rich ;
'Twas home of Ruskin, great high priest of Art
Who does in Fame's high temple grace a niche ;
It holds the lovely lake of Coniston,
And half of Windermere is in its bounds ;
While from its mines metallic wealth is won
That industry and trade at Barrow founds.
And Norman ruins in sequestered vale,
To all who see their beauty, well attest
That piety and Art did once prevail
In Furness, though remote in far North-West.

The land is grand with mountain, lake and coast,
Its high-souled men give it a nobler boast.

XLVIII

WINDERMERE

SWEET Windermere thy graceful charms delight,
Thy placid face has such a winning smile,
We linger near thee reckless of time's flight
And happy while thy beauties so beguile.
The river-lake, two counties give, and each
Receives enrichment from its own fair gift,
So Windermere may therefore serve to teach
We shall receive when we the lowly lift.
The land is higher and the mountains bold
Around the water's head, but southwards see
Decending gentle lines, with fold on fold,
To where the Leven leaves it for the sea.

Not always Alpine peaks delight the mind,
It is for softer beauties oft inclined.

XLIX

CASTLE HEAD, KESWICK

How lovely is the peaceful scene below
As on this lofty rocky ground we stand,
With autumn tints the woods are all aglow,
And Derwent's face reflects a beauteous land.
Not always has there been this scene around,
For over here was once a crater mouth,
And fiery lava flowed o'er all the ground,
With ashes falling east, west, north, and south.
So mighty piles of rocks were then upreared
That now in sunshine smile on smiling lake,
Where Vulcan's voice by us is not now feared
And flocks and herds alone the echoes wake.

So Nature works! She puts her fires to rest
And gives a vale with peace and plenty blest.

L

SKIDDAW

FROM Skiddaw's lofty peak afar is seen,
When summer's sun is sinking in the west,
The Isle of Man, amidst a golden sheen
Of waters, like an island of the blest.
And further still is seen the Irish land
Just dimly rising from the water's plain,
And northwards, in this prospect wide and grand,
The hills of Scotland stand out clear and plain.
And round about the mountain's spreading base
Are hills, and verdant vales, and silver lakes,
Which forms a landscape of surpassing grace,
That splendid foreground of the picture makes.

In northern Cumberland great beauty dwells
With charms poetic Wordsworth grandly tells.

LI

PETERBOROUGH CATHEDRAL

WHEN English people in their land were few,
And e'en of all combined the wealth was small,
The greatest buildings of our country grew,
And beautiful as well as great were all.
And, too, where fen and bog claimed all the land,
With wealth and population almost none,
Such mighty piles of masonry now stand
As are most wond'rous facts to ponder on.
At Peterbro' eight hundred years ago
Its great cathedral then was well begun.
How vast the church to recent fanes we know,
And yet 'tis so with wealth and science won!
The Age of Faith has left these priceless gifts,
So still our souls above the earth each lifts.

LII

NORWICH

OF Eastern Anglia, first of all the towns
Is Norwich, city that, as walls and history tell,
With castle and cathedral as two crowns,
Was one of England's greatest towns as well;
For manufactures in old days 'twas famed
That brought it wealth and population great.¹
In early days prosperity was maimed
By Danish raids before the Norman date;
And, too, the French Prince Louis sacked the town,
But afterwards it rose, and here were born
So many men of well deserved renown
Their names the annals of the town adorn.

Its sons much service to the State have done,
And fame for England and themselves have won.

¹ Flemings, Walloons, Dutch and Huguenots came to Norwich.

LIII

LINCOLNSHIRE

THIS county of fat lands and swelling wolds,
With lengthy face to northern stormy sea,
Within its spacious bounds together holds
Three Parts¹ that each a county seems to be.
The wide fat lands were fens not along ago,
The haunt of heron and a cheerless waste
Through which the Witham had a sluggish flow,
Yet then with holy fanes this land was graced.
For in the far off days of Ethelwald
Amidst the fens rich Croyland Abbey stood ;
No desolation our good sires appalled,
If sacred was the place the site was good.
So splendid churches with high tapering spires,
We see o'er England e'en in poorest shires.

LIV

LINCOLN CATHEDRAL

AFAR from north and south, and east and west,
The lofty towers of Lincoln greet the eye,
Above the Minster seated on the crest
Where Witham's gentle stream flows softly by.
Superb in structure, magnitude and place,
This great cathedral is a minster grand,
With splendid central tower and western face
It nobly ornaments our native land.
The great Saint Hugh gave freely life and gold
To make this temple worthy of its aim.
And pious craftsmen worked in days of old
For sake of Mother Church and one great Name.
So in those days arose this glorious pile
On "sovereign hill" adorning Britain's Isle.

¹ Lincolnshire consists of three divisions called "Parts."

LV

SHEFFIELD

GOOD Yorkshire town! thou art as true as steel,
Though smoky, all thy course has been quite clear,
And honest still throughout all woe and weal,
A help to England and to England dear.
The bulwarks of our land receive their strength¹
From Sheffield steel, of temper good and true,
Well known to England in its breadth and length
Since first a sword or knife a Saxon drew.
The town has hills and valleys all around,
On one side open moorlands stretch afar,
And on another, hills with woodlands crowned
Which smoky industry does not yet mar.
Old Hallamshire has sons both good and bold
And daughters worthy of far more than gold.

LVI

YORK

THIS old walled city on wide Yorkshire plain,
Well seated by the Ouse, a goodly stream,
Has seen the Roman and the Saxon wane
And conquering Normans' armour brightly gleam.
Archbishops here have sat from Saxon days,
And parliament on this historic ground
Was first convoked to check despotic ways;
Our ancient constitution thus was crowned.
And then, how great the pious labour here
To build the greatest church of all our land;
Cathedrals are to Englishmen most dear,
And than the Minster there is none more grand.
How ancient is our island's glorious story
Is told by castles and cathedrals hoary.

¹ Armour-plates are made at Sheffield.

LVII

DURHAM CATHEDRAL

FROM solid stones that our old churches form
Comes spirit of the past for mental food,
So Durham's stones, withstanding time and storm,
Give to the modern mind a rev'rent mood.
On wooded heights descending to the Wear
This great Northumbrian cathedral stands,
With strong round arch on massive shaft and pier,
'Tis greatest Norman church in British lands.
And in this stately fane magnificent,
The bones of great Saint Cuthbert we may see,
The saint of Lindisfarne, beneficent,
Whose shrine saw pilgrims oft with bended knee.
If spirit's breathed by ancient piled stones
So may it be by ancient buried bones.

LVIII

JARROW ON TYNE

NOT far removed from mouth of coaly Tyne
Is Jarrow, now begirt with blackening smoke,
But where most ancient memories entwine
Of when Northumbria to Religion woke.
At Jarrow church there is the famous chair
Of Bede, the Venerable, the Abbot's Seat—
For cloistered Abbey in his day was there
For contemplation and for learning meet.
The lengthy Saxon age of England's past
In books of history is hurried o'er;
In it was much of England's future cast
On which she since has risen more and more.
With Picts and Scots school histories begin,
Then very soon they Hasting's Battle win.

LIX

EDINBURGH

MINE own romantic town! Sir Walter said;
As splendid city it is known to-day,
Made famous by the great ones who are dead
Whose words shine yet with most resplendent ray.
This modern Athens had, besides her rock,
Athenian learning, eloquence and wit,
Of gifted men of good old Scottish stock
By whom the Georgian times were brightly lit.
The strong old Castle, like a Lombard crown
Of iron, not ornate as crowns of gold,
On lofty crest o'ertopping all the town,
Is fortress still as it hath been of old.
 So Scotland stands, as she long did of yore,
 For freedom and her rights for evermore.

LX

STIRLING

THE castled crag surveys the fertile vale
Where Robert Bruce, of Scotland, valiant King,
Made Scottish over Edward's arms prevail,
So to this place the heart of Scots will cling.
And Stirling Castle, too, in Scotia's story
Events of great renown has seen and known,
For in this palace-castle now so hoary,
A king was born to Scotland's ancient throne,
And here a Scottish Parliament did sit,
And here Queen Mary and a James were crowned;
So Stirling to the Nation is well knit,
And glory of the Strath of Forth around.
 So thus a monument 'twill still remain
 Of great events enacted on this plain.

LXI

THE CLYDE

THE broad'ning water of the Firth of Clyde,
With Argyle's mountains towering to the skies,
And Ayrshire hills along its eastern side,
Between the Highlands and the Lowlands lies.
And borne upon its spacious heaving breast
Are mighty ships that cross the Ocean's face,
To bring abundant produce from the West,
That is of modern Glasgow's welfare base.
This river broad'ning till it forms a sea
Joins Scotland with the varied world around,
So in whatever sea or land we be
Good Scottish work and workers there are found
And thus both British seas and British land
Give to the British race its high command.

LXII

BEN NEVIS

AN honourable place in British lands
Ben Nevis holds—the summit of our isles—
Above the mountains round it stands
Yet seldom does it see the sun's bright smiles;
For clouds and mists oft gather round its crown,
And rain, and wind, and snow, are here at home,
So Nature's seldom seen but with a frown
By Caledonia's grand and lofty dome.
But yet on this wild spot was life and mind,
And servants true of scientific lore,
Who braved all storms of snow and freezing wind
To add more facts to what was known before.¹
Ben Nevis is a platform grand and high
For observations of the air and sky.

¹ There was on Ben Nevis a meteorological observatory.

LXIII

ABERDEEN

THIS granite city of the North is cold
In aspect, but is nobly built and strong,
With spirit that is loyal, true and bold,
To serve the right and to oppose the wrong.
Though commerce brings its wealth from sea and land,
Two ancient colleges are witness strong
That Learning, too, has here a high command,
And has been honoured in this city long.
Once, Albert, from Balmoral, hither came
As chief amidst high scientific men,
And when he spoke he added to his fame
As prince, and was a prince of science then.¹

Both trade and knowledge Aberdeen holds dear—
With these assured there's nought to give her fear.

LXIV

DUBLIN

THE noble city of the Liffey shines
As jewel in the crescent of her bay,
And clasped by wide and graceful circling lines
The sparkling azure waters charm the day.
And in the jewel there are gems most bright,
For known to all are Dublin's charming daughters,
With sweetest smile to all they give delight,
Their eyes are like the sparkling of the waters ;
And Dublin's worthy sons shine bright, we know,
With lively wit and lofty eloquence ;
And valour, too, in war they show the foe,
In bold attack or strenuous defence.

And Dublin is the eye of Ireland's isle
That welcomes strangers with a friendly smile.

¹ At a Meeting of the British Association at Aberdeen Prince Albert was President.

LXV

DUBLIN CASTLE

As link between the past and present stands
The Castle that of Dublin is the heart—
The home of ancient power that still commands,
With modern courtesy, and grace, and art.
And when the British and the Russian fought,
One night were here fair women and brave men ;
Next morn the men took ship, and only thought
Of victory in far Crimea then.
There, too, was Whatley, and great Whiteside, too,
While Carlisle stood in place of one
To whom allegiance from all here is due,
And kept his gracious smile and word from none.¹
Before the battle oft are festive scenes,
Though battle, wounds and death, to many means.

LXVI

WICKLOW

WHEN summer sunrise gilds the Wicklow hills
And tips the ripples of the Irish sea,
The heart with gladness at earth's beauty fills
And moves us to adore with bended knee.
And beauties manifold does Wicklow hold,
Most verdant vales where silver waters meet,
The Dargle waterfall and Bray Head bold,
And gem-like lakes where beauty is complete.
The Seven Churches tell us we are now
In Ireland—ancient Island of the Saints—
Where great St. Patrick made the people bow
Their wills to unaccustomed life restraints.
The varied beauty seen in Ireland's land
Is great, some softly sweet, some bold and grand.

¹ The Earl of Carlisle was Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland.

LXVII

PARIS

LUTETIA stands with queenly beauty rare
Among the greatest cities of the earth,
Her streets are splendid and her buildings fair
Since Hausemann gave to Paris second birth.
Of startling contrasts long has been its life
For revolution's wildest ways were here.
It oft has been a place of fiercest strife
With cannon's roar that carried death and fear;
And yet it is the gayest town of all
The world, the capital of fashion bright,
The favoured home of theatre and ball,
And all that's charming to the ear and sight.
The racial characters of human kind
Are fruitful studies for the human mind.

LXVIII

NORMANDY

THE land of massive tower and tapering spire,
Of feudal lords and ancient mailed knights,
Of splendid abbeys where good souls aspire,
And Gothic churches with flamboyant lights.
Old Rouen's glorious pile, St. Ouen's church,
And many florid fanes in stone are flamed;
And if for more of antique mould we search,
There's Bayeux with its Tapestry far famed.
From Normandy came William to our shores
And brought his knights and nobles to our land,
And with them came as well most precious stores
Of skill and will to build cathedrals grand.
As strongest cable is but formed of strands,
So British strength has come from various lands.

LXIX

ST. MALO

THE Breton coast near Jersey's rocky isle
Recedes where Rance pays tribute to the sea,
And where St. Malo stands—as one vast pile
With high embattled wall, it seems to be.
And in the rosy glow of sunset hour
St. Malo then a golden castle seems
When, standing on old Solidor's grim tower,
We see it bathed in light by western beams.
As sombre gloom becomes entrancing light
Most glorious is the change by Sol's bright ray ;
It lessens darkness of the spirit's night
When night most sweetly passes into day.
And knowledge so illumines that it does give
A lustre to our life each day we live.

LXX

DINAN

IN deep ravine the lovely Rance flows fast,
And high above an ancient chateau stands,
A prison now but castle in the past
When powerful nobles ruled o'er feudal lands.
And all the relics of the past inside,
The gloomy chambers and the massive walls,
The dreadful weapons by which men have died,
All speak of evil that the mind appals.
But yet in those dark times were gentleness,
And love, and kindness, faith and friendship true,
And chivalry for weakness and distress :
Great ills were done as now but by the few.
'Tis power untied treads Justice to the earth,
Restraint gives human nature higher birth.

LXXI

PICARDY

HALF English are these plains if spirit's left
In place of body where the dead have lain,
As some think when we are by death bereft
Of those we love, their spirits near remain,
For here the Black Prince came with Edward, King,
To Crécy's purple field, where many died
Whose deaths do still to England glory bring
For their brave spirit gives her empire wide,
Our noble Henry, too, near Picard plains,
At Agincourt, gave proof of England's might,
But now may we through all the future reigns
Be joined to France as champions of the right.
Rude valour in the field is wanted till
The Higher Spirit gives to all good will.

LXXII

THE VOSGES

THE blue Alsatian mountains softly rise
To overlook the winding Rhine's great vale,
Where Strassburg's strong and giant fortress lies,
Across to Schartzwald now but dimly pale.
The western slopes descend to Old Lorraine,
Where Meurthe and Meuse both take their rise,
And Nancy, witness of the broken reign
Of Stanislaus and Poland's dying sighs,
Reposes in its wooded vale that saw
The death of Charles the Bold, and, too, the birth
Of Claude who painted skies without a flaw,
But painted only cultivated earth.
The hills and vales of France from Vosges' crest
Extend in beauty to far western Brest.

LXXIII

BURGUNDY

A LAND of wine and song was this wide vale,
That stretches far to west from Jura's heights ;
Of old it was a land of knights in mail,
And splendid tourneys crowned with soft delights.
When Philip and the powerful Charles the Bold
Established ducal thrones of high renown,
Then flowing purple wine and cloth of gold
Abundant were in Dijon's festive town.
Bourgogne's great vale is watered by the Saone
That southward takes its lengthy winding way
To wed its waters to the lusty Rhone,
Then bride and bridegroom die in Lyons Bay.
Too much does history tell of dukes and kings,
Too little of the people's common things.

LXXIV

THE ARDENNES

THE richly wooded hills extend afar
And spread a rolling, grand, umbrageous sea,
Which even smoke from Liege does not mar
For mystic northern screen it seems to be.
And nestling in these folds of shaded green
Is Spa's bright town where healing water springs.
Of old, great Russian Peter here was seen
And now its beauty joyous thousands brings.
Of all its varied charms but few can tell,
That smiling win us to this forest land
Extending from the Meuse to blue Moselle,
An elevated wide umbrageous band.
This land is rich above and rich below
For from its mines much Belgic wealth does flow.

LXXV

BELGIUM

WHEN Gothic art in mediæval times
Gave splendid halls to Brussels and Louvain,
To Bruges and Ghent, with sweet melodious chimes,
Then civic power with dignity did reign.
But often since, the horrid clash of arms
Has waked the echoes of the Netherlands,
And conflicts here have given dire alarms
To greatest nations of wide Europe's lands.
And chief of these was Britain's Waterloo
That killed a dream of conquest over all,
And saved our England, while it thousands slew
Who rushed to meet their death at duty's call.

The lovely star of peace now shines once more,
May Europe long this blessed star adore.

LXXVI

ANTWERP

FOR church and commerce, and for fortress, famed,
For grand old pictures and for painters, too,
The city by the Scheldt that's Antwerp named,
Through many centuries progressed and grew.
The great cathedral with its triple aisles
Is crowned by tallest spire in Europe's lands,
While all around are antique gabled piles
And in its shade the Rubens statue stands.
The greatest works of Rubens, too, are here,
And with their glowing colours charm the eyes,
With other works as well, famed far and near,
That tend to lift the thoughts towards the skies.

Dead iron, stone, and paint, can live by art,
Affect the mind and influence the heart.

LXXVII

AIX-LA-CHAPELLE

THE Middle Ages that are oft called dark
Had shining lights amidst surrounding gloom,
And more than one was saviour as an ark,
Of art and learning from oblivion's tomb.
So Charles the Great with war brought arts of peace,
And Christian culture planted he at Aix,
For while he reigned here Charlemagne did not cease
To foster arts and learning at this place.
For healing springs, too, it is well renowned,
And now again the city shows increase;
Though memories of ancient days abound
It yet delights in modern arts of peace.
The East had cities great, but now decayed,
Old Western towns develope modern trade.

LXXVIII

THE LOWER RHINE

FROM Bâle it flows, with islands in its stream,
Past Strassburg's forts and Neckar's brimming mouth,
With Heidelberg, like castle in a dream,
On terraced heights descending to the south;
Past castled rocks and old and famous towns,
Past towered islands in romance enshrined,
And seven mountains with volcanic crowns,
And vine-clad hills with poetry entwined.
Then in the broadened vale Cologne's twin spires
Soon follow Bonn's old academic town;
The student here amidst old tomes aspires
To win distinction and high learning's crown.
The Rhine connects the Alps with northern lands,
And by its beauties all our praise commands.

LXXIX

THE UPPER RHINE

THE soft snow falls on lofty mountain peaks
And fills their hollows far above the plains,
It afterwards much lower levels seeks,
But these as ice and not as snow it gains.
And then another transformation's seen,
The solid ice now into water flows,
A river's born that changes all the scene,
The valley now with lovely verdure glows.
And so is born the Rhine, that soon expands
And smiles in Constance with exultant joy,
Then rushing on to gladden lower lands
It leaps Schaffhausen's falls like gladsome boy.
 'Tis less exulting now, at strength it aims
 To be a blessing to Germanic plains.

LXXX

MAYENCE

WHERE Main unites its waters with the Rhine,
The fortress city, Mayence, guardian stands
Of hills and valleys, rich with corn and wine,
That bask in beauty famed in distant lands.
But Mayence gave great printing to mankind,
The art that is chief source of mental light,
That gave an added power to human mind
And mighty strength to all that's good and right.
For Gutenberg, first printer, here was born,
Whose statue now adorns his native town,
His art does all our daily life adorn,
And is of art and culture base and crown.
 By single workers may mankind progress
 Though thousands only try themselves to bless,

LXXXI

THE BLACK FOREST

THOUGH black this hilly forest land is named
It is a spreading wilderness of green ;
Yet not all wild, for here is Baden famed
For cultivated beauty ; and a Queen,
Queen Pleasure, yearly drew her gayest band
To Baden's flowery glades ; but Freiburg's spire
In distant south is witness in the land
That here was ardent love for something higher ;
For this cathedral is a noble pile.
And here is born the Danube's lengthy flow
That, like old Egypt's greater river Nile,
Through rocky pass to broad fat lands does go.
What varied wants the varied world supplies ;
It suits the foolish and it charms the wise.

LXXXII

BÂLE

A BRAVE old town is this upon the Rhine ;
It long has been the bastion of the land
That Switzers claim as freedom's mountain shrine,
Since Bâle has powerful States on either hand.
It is a seat of learning and of art,
And was in olden times for these renowned,
For here Erasmus played a noble part,
And Holbein painted and with fame was crowned.
The iron-roads from Germany and France
Bring hosts much greater than in days of old,
Not hostile men or armed with sword and lance,
But friendly now, and only armed with gold.
In future, let us hope, all wars may cease,
That men may ever come and go in peace.

LXXXIII

THE CITY OF LUCERNE

Two tall and slender spires mark well the place
Where Lucerne City in its towered walls
With pride looks on the lake's translucent face,
And Reuss fast rushing by its ancient halls.
The Wooden Bridge has pictures quaint and old ;
The City, picturesque and narrow ways ;
Thorwalsden's Lion in a sculpture bold
A sad tale tells of revolution's days.
The lofty Water Tower and old Town Hall,
Of feudal days and troubadours' love rhymes,
Speak eloquently ; and they all recall
This Forest Cantons' town in olden times.
 Lucerne tells mediæval life's conditions
 By its embodiment of Swiss traditions.

LXXXIV

THE LAKE OF LUCERNE

THE wooded mountains round rise bold and steep
Above the surface of the lake below,
As if a cherished darling they would keep
From every one who might become a foe.
The gleaming waters of the placid lake
Repose so calmly in the mountains' arms
As seeming conscious they can safely take
Their peaceful slumbers and have no alarms.
But yet sometimes these waters are attacked
By cruel winds that banish calm repose,
As if their guardian mountains care had lacked
And gave admittance to their constant foes.
 Our minds and tempers, too, may be disturbed
 If by our wills they are not always curbed.

LXXXV

SEMPACH

THE glassy lake lies gleaming in the sun,
With verdant fields reclining on its banks,
As peaceful as if deeds had not been done
By Sempach's side to merit Europe's thanks.
Yet here was freedom won for Switzerland
By Lucerne's burghers and by Uri's men,
With Winkelreid the hero of the band,
Who all fought well for independence then.
All through the changes Europe since has seen,
All through the centuries that too have flown,
This land of snowy peaks has ever been
Of peace and liberty the guarded home.
For freedom though with mountains cold and bare,
Is better than are lands both rich and fair.

LXXXVI

THE VALAIS

WITH giant mountains towering to the skies
For many lengthy leagues on either hand,
Valais' deep trough between them lowly lies—
The greatest valley of all Switzerland.
And through it flows the Rhone with rapid stream,
That's born of glacier on St. Gothard's side,
Before in sleeping lake its waters dream
Of when past Lyons they will proudly glide.
The Lion D'Or, at Sion, served me well
When Pennine Alps were crossed in winter's snow,
From clouds to earth, secure in this great dell
Where Bernese peaks o'erlook the Rhone's swift flow.
Though heights we love to scale and peaks we win,
We gladly welcome, welcome at an inn.

LXXXVII

THE RHONE AND ARVE

THE clear blue water of fair Lemman's lake
Geneva's city passes, rushing fast,
In haste to join the southern gulf and take
Its contribution to the sea at last.
It scarcely starts upon its lengthy way
When it is burdened by a weight of earth
That turns its brightest blue to sombre grey
And Rhone is sullied at its second birth.
The Mer de Glace, crystalline though it be,
Gives to the Arve this load of darkening clay,
Then Arve is taken by the Rhone as fee
Which thus is clouded on its future way.
And so 'tis often seen in human life
A brilliant start precedes a lengthened strife.

LXXXVIII

THE PASS OF MONT CENIS

THE winter snow on all around lies deep,
The midnight sky with myriad stars is bright,
The large brave dogs with joy now bark and leap,
The Hospice offers shelter for the night.
How grand and solemn is an Alpine scene
On border ground of Italy's fair land,
Where once Napoleon with ambition keen
Italia's conquest mused upon and planned!
He soon descended to Aosta's vale,
And then the whole of Lombardy soon saw
The arms of France o'er Austria prevail
And all subjected to another law.
Napoleon to slaughter bent his mind—
The Hospice dogs delight to save mankind.

LXXXIX

MILAN

THE marble pinnacles of Milan rise
Above the great cathedral's lofty height,
Like snow-white angels rising to the skies—
A dream of architecture vast and white.
Saint Carlo Borromeo fed the poor
Of this great city in the olden days,
Not preacher only was he but a doer—
On him within the crypt we still may gaze.
But, long before, great Ambrose sat enthroned
In Milan's church, and made her famous then :
Though from oppression she has greatly groaned
She still retains her pride in these good men.

A grand cathedral and two Saints give fame
To Milan's city that the Lombards claim.

XC

ARONA

WE pass across the spreading Lombard plain
And reach the foot of Maggiore's lake,
Where plains we lose and Alpine mountains gain
And then our souls to scenic grandeur wake.
The lofty summits penetrate the skies,
Great Monte Rosa with its cap of snow,
And other soaring peaks as dazzling rise
Above the long extended lake below.
By road and lake Arona is so placed
That one arm reaches Milan's home of Art,
With music, architecture, sculpture, graced,
The other, nature grand in Europe's heart.

And so, in life, careers we sometimes change
For those more varied by their greater range.

XCI

THE DELTA OF THE MAGGIA

WHERE Maggiore near its northern end
Receives the waters from Lepontine heights,
The shore advances with a graceful bend
And then the voyager Locarno sights.
The verdant meadows spreading low and wide,
So bright and beautiful 'tween lake and hills,
Have steeply rising mountains on each side
And separate the river into rills.
This river Delta, debris from the wear
Of all the ancient massive rocks behind,
Is now a richly fertile plain most fair :
So from old lands new land is formed we find.
 And modern life, however rich and good,
 Is built of fragments brought by time's great flood.

XCII

THE LAKE OF COMO

FAIR Como's gleaming water calmly lies
Between the glorious mountain slopes
That steeply to their lofty summits rise,
And o'er the lake we sail with joyful hopes.
But now from Stella comes a sweeping wind
That changes Como's smile to angry frown,
The clouds soon screen the sky, and then we find
The mountains' golden tints are changed to brown.
The spirit, too, is changed by this new face—
Material, of water and the air—
For our bright pleasure to alarm gives place,
And gladsome hopes, to anxious fear and care.
 So spirit subject is to lower things
 As angels pictured are with earthly wings.

XCIII

MARENGO

THIS fatal plain is intersected here
By rivers flowing northwards to the Po,
With Alesandria's great fortress near,
From which the Austrians came to meet their foe.
They met! and with a shock that shook the world!
Napoleon o'er Melas victor proved,
And from the Lombard throne the Austrian hurled,
And then from Consulship to Empire moved.
A dreadful field of slaying all the day,
First lost, then won by brave Dessaix's fresh force,
When thousands dead lay on the groaning ground:
Of human greatness what a frightful source!
What blood and suffering mankind does pay
To take the steps that bring a better day!

XCIV

VERONA

WHERE Adige hastens southwards to the Po,
And hills are melting into spreading plain,
Verona stands across the river's flow,
That's swollen out by Alpine snow and rain.
Imperial, Verona may be called,
For in a Roman mould it first was cast,
With gates and classic arches, ramparts walled
With massive stones, and amphitheatre vast.
Catullus here was born, and since those days
The Montagues and Capulets with hate
Here dwelt, while Romeo then tuned his lays
To Juliet—sweet joy ere saddest fate.
Where'er in Italy we go, we find
Old towns and cities with romance entwined.

XCV

VENICE

BELOW the great St. Marc's high gilded dome
Venitia's bishops, mitred, stately pass,
And robed for fullest ritual of Rome
To sing *Te Deum* and to offer Mass.
Two concepts then were thus associate
By early Eastern Church with Western creed,
A church Byzantine filled with Rome's high state,
And thus Venitia's history we read.
The East and West in Venice have combined
To build an island city quite unique,
For no town else like it shall e'er we find
Though through the whole great world for such we seek.
If East and West would now combine in peace,
Both wars and many discords, too, would cease.

XCVI

THE PIAZZA SAN MARCO

AS from the Palace of the Doge I saw
A festival of great magnificence
Inspired by joy for new-won freedom's law,
It seemed a fête of great significance.
With martial music the Piazza rang,
And troops defiled in that great square.
Above the Campanilè bells' loud clang
The shouts of the Venetians rent the air.
It was to celebrate the natal day
Of Victor, King, who then with Justice reigned
From northern Alps to south Brindisi Bay,
O'er states that had emancipation gained.
Great change of rulers, Venice! thou hast seen,
Yet always of the Adriatic, Queen.

XCVII

SANTA MARIA DELLA SALUTÈ

TOWARDS the island church of the Salutè
A gondola cleaves straight its silent way,
With one whose living faith makes it a duty
His humble vows and offerings there to pay.
The swelling dome now rises in the sky,
As quickly does the solemn boat proceed,
And, with a golden cross uplifted high,
Displays the symbol of our human need.
At length the great broad marble steps are reached,
In front, the lofty door is opened wide,
Inviting all to where the Cross is preached
As being greater than all else beside.
So on a seeming base of water stands
The changeless emblem of all Christian lands.

XCVIII

BOLOGNA

THE leaning towers rise high above the plain
From 'midst this famous ancient town :
Italia's Oxford since the German reign,
A University of great renown.
Nor was the learning here to men confined,
For maiden students with a high intent
And to high learning graciously inclined,
Their ears to reverend signiors gladly bent.
And women from the professorial chair
Philosophy and Civil Law then taught,
For Laura Bassi, who was learned and fair,
Amid their studies here the students sought.
So sweet girl graduates Bologna saw
Who were like Portia learned in the law.

XCIX

THE ARNO

THOUGH Tiber boast the glories of old Rome
And Po most famous ancient cities claim,
The Tuscan has a river at his home
To satisfy his patriotic flame.

The Arno boasts most famous cities too—
Fair Florence, once of cultured life the heart,
And Pisa, that great naval power once knew,
With Vinci that once gave a king to Art.
But though in Art Leonardo was so great
Of modern science he was pioneer,
And he not only served the Lombard State
But Eastern lands as well as engineer.

Val d'Arno to the Tuscan land gives fame
Both by its beauties and its men of name.

C

FLORENCE

FROM Fiesole I looked o'er Arno's vale
Across the towers and domes of Florence fair,
And mused upon that wondrous olden tale
Of wrong and art that was enacted there.
Palazzo Vecchio, with tall stern tower,
Like mass of solid masonry appeared,
A fitting emblem of that ducal power
That made both Guelph and Ghibelline so feared.
But Art relieved the sombre gloom of wrong,
Painting, sculpture, architecture grand,
The beautiful, the graceful, and the strong,
That has so glorified the Tuscan land.

How gross this world would be without Fine Art
That elevates the mind, makes kind the heart.

CI

THE DUOMO OF FLORENCE

THE lofty dome swells proudly in the sky
Above Giotto's marble church below,
With graceful campanilé standing by
That is four square to all the winds that blow.
And Michael Angelo's adornments here,
Of splendid sculpture famed in distant lands,
Are standing in the Tuscan air quite clear,
As beautiful as when they left his hands.
And here Leonardo with his glorious art
Transformed bare walls with magic beauty's glow,
And made them play a noble lasting part
In teaching higher things to man below.
So spirit may from common matter rise,
And win our smiles, compel our tears or sighs.

CII

THE UFFIZI

THE lengthy galleries by Arno's side
Contain some priceless treasures hanging there,
That famous are throughout lands far and wide,
The feast of beauty is so rich and rare.
And Titian's greatest wealth is here displayed,
Of beauty soft with every charm allied,
A beauty that seems not with time to fade
But mellows as the lengthy centuries glide.
And Venus, too, in marble standing clear,
A relic of the art of Greece of old,
Unites art ancient with art modern here
In Octagon with lustre more than gold.
Both Greece and Italy the world has charmed,
'Tis ours to guard that neither shall be harmed.

CIII

PISA

THREE monuments of mediæval Art—
A great cathedral on the central ground,
A baptistry, but standing quite apart,
A leaning tower, lofty, storied, round—
Are grouped in Pisa in the Tuscan land,
A marble triad of religious piles.
The Campo Santo, too, is close at hand,
Encircled with four monumental aisles.
In these are chains Genoa once did own
When taken from the Arno's seaward port ;
They tell how little unity was known
In Italy when dukes held regal court.
But though divided into many parts
Italia was the home of all the Arts.

CIV

ELBA

ON Elba who can look without a thought
Of the great Eagle once encagèd here,
Though not for long, for soon he flew and fought,
And gave to all the Powers of Europe fear.
Too weak a cage for one who soared above
The Law of Nations and the general peace :
Napoleon worshipped not sweet Heavenly Love,
But of his glory, power, and fame, increase.
Apart from Italy, by Piombino's strait,
This isle gives to Italia mineral wealth,
For it has store of ore of iron great,
And so contributes to the nation's health.
Small places glory get from men of mind,
And so some cities hamlets are behind.

CV

ROME

IMPERIAL Rome! with memories profound
Not even limited to mundane earth,
For fabled 'tis, upon thy sacred ground
That Roma had a high Olympian birth.
For half five thousand years thou hast been here
As 'twere a city and a State in one;
Thou mad'st the trembling nations fear
Though oft thou hast been trampled on.
We are amazed at thy prodigious past,
With King and Consul, Emperor and Pope,
Like phoenix rising, when in ashes cast,
Supported by thy leading star—sweet Hope.
Her empire of the world has passed away,
Yet Rome a wider empire has to-day.

CVI

ST. PETER'S

THE vast cathedral with its spreading arms,
And crowned by mighty dome and golden cross,
Takes from the mind all cares and small alarms,
Like purging from fine gold its mingled dross.
With richest marbles all the great walls glow,
Majestic piers support the vaulted roof,
Devotion upward here begins to flow,
And from the lower world we seem aloof.
The power of architecture on the mind
Has only been by seer-like Ruskin told—
It makes sometimes the baser man inclined
To value elevation more than gold.

The Age of Faith made solemn temples rise
That lift e'en yet the soul towards the skies.

CVII

THE VATICAN

GREAT palace of the Popes, grand home of Art,
Of ancient literature the largest store—
To celebrate its treasures e'en in part
Large pages must give place to pages more.
With greatest works of greatest painters glow
The lofty galleries' most wealthy walls,
For they both Raffael and grand Titian know,
While works of Phidias too adorn these halls.
And in the Library's great frescoed room
Are priceless manuscripts of ancient lore,
That have been rescued from destruction's doom,
A treasure to the world for evermore.
How much our modern learning has been served
By what the Church for us has well preserved!

CVIII

THE BASILICA OF ST. PAUL

APART from Rome and population now,
The great basilica is standing clear,
A place for pilgrimage, and prayer and vow,
For sacred memories are clustered here.
'Tis said Saint Paul at this place met the fate
That earnest early Christians oft befell,
The victims of Imperial deadly hate
Of which the crimes of cruel Nero tell.
Few men the world has ever known or seen
More worthy are of love and deathless fame
Than Paul, whose shining virtues long have been
Proclaimed to all by this cathedral's name.
Great natures sometimes draw both death and
woe,
While common men escape by being low.

CIX

THE CATACOMBS OF ROME

THESE rocky vaults seem luminous and bright
With Spirit of the martyred saints of old,
Who lived here long concealed from Pagan sight
While bearing suff'ring that can ne'er be told.
They worshipped truly, as the walls here show,
The great Good Shepherd they awaited long,
Their souls with adoration were aglow
That made e'en gentle women brave and strong.
Concealèd long by subterranean night
Have been the emblems on the walls of rock ;
But now these pictures have been brought to light,
They much of Christian dogma will unlock.

What Rome can tell is not all known as yet,
The more we search we more her teaching get.

CX

THE COLOSSEUM

THIS vast enclosure of receding wall,
So silent now, is mighty monument
Of Rome's high state and power before the fall
That gave to all the world astonishment.
It once resounded with tremendous voice
From thousand throats, to testify delight
In loud acclaim of him the general choice
As victor in the chariot race or fight.
And cruel persecution here was seen
That outraged early Christianity,
Yet in the boasted century nineteen
We sometimes saw e'en less humanity.

Along with highest culture of our race
Are multitudes who are but at the base.

CXI

THE CAPITOLINE HILL

A CENTRE of the Roman world that's past,
And centre of the city of Old Rome :
On it the charm of power is surely cast
For still of civic rule it is a home.
Yet here a mighty power was stricken down—
Great Julius by sword of Brutus fell—
Then to the people from the seething town
Marc Antony of Cæsar here spoke well.
This hill, like Janus, looks opposing ways,
The Forum and the Via Sacra one ;
We turn and on the distant Pincian gaze,
And modern Rome between then look upon.
One centre many circles may possess,
Although the centre than the circle's less.

CXII

THE PALATINE HILL

A MOUND of dust of high Imperial walls
Where once the mighty Cæsars dwelt with hosts
Of lordly courtiers in palatial halls,
That now are ruins haunted by their ghosts.
Extremes most wide have here been high enthroned,
For power unchecked e'en madness may beget,
So under madmen sometimes Romans groaned,
And sometimes on the throne all virtues met.
Caligula and Nero shocked mankind,
While Antoninus and good Marcus too
Had each a virtuous and enlightened mind,
That in all time has been surpassed by few.
The Pagan world had saints, all must allow,
Perchance as good as any living now.

CXIII

THE CAMPAGNA

A WASTE and wilderness ! and yet we see
Upon it works of greatest magnitude :
It stretches from the mountains to the sea
A wide expanse of mournful solitude.
Malaria rises from the unturned ground,
A goatherd is the only man we find,
The heron's plaintive croaks the only sound
That's borne upon the melancholy wind.
But in the spacious days of classic Rome
Campagna held a population great,
For cot, and prosperous farm, and villa home,
It fostering nursed when in its ancient state.
Advance not always is produced by years,
And smiles sometimes by time are changed to
tears.

CXIV

THE ALBAN HILLS

GREAT changes, high Albano, hast thou seen,
For fiery lava poured its rolling flood
From where is now thy lake's calm sheen,
And ashes lay where now is chestnut wood.
Thy bursting mouths, with thunder, once threw out
The substance of the Seven Hills of Rome
When sea was spreading there, and round about
Where afterwards the Cæsars made their home.
Thou gavest the stone to pave the Appian Way,
O'er which Saint Paul slow journeyed to his death,
And lava-flows of old may to this day
Be seen near where he drew his latest breath.
The changes made by Time's transforming hands
Have altered land to sea and sea to land.

CXV

NAPLES

ON hills that slope to the Tyrrhenian sea,
Beside the gulf on rich Campania's shore,
There sits enthroned the queenly Neapoli
With azure crystal shining all before.
The city is of great and ancient fame,
Of mediæval, and of modern, too :
From Grecian-founded Cumæ first it came,
Parthenope's changed site and city new
Was then Neapolis, that Titus saw
As Archon, and it since has felt the sway
Of Goth, and Norman, and the Bourbon's law,
Till Garibaldi's great and conquering day.
This city's life has been much like our own,
'Twas born, it grew, 'twas ruled, then left alone.

CXVI

VESUVIUS

BOTH bane and blessing is this famous mount
That rises from the shore of Naples Bay,
With graceful lines ascending to the fount
From which the streams of lava make their way.
It is a bane when cities are o'erthrown,
As three towns were in Pliny's classic days ;
Yet on its lower slopes such wealth is grown,
Its fertile soil for all its ill repays.
When stones are falling and the lava flows,
When loud explosions made a thund'rous roar,
And when at night the sky all over glows,
It leaves a memory till life's no more.
E'en things called evil may have yet some good,
To try to find this good we always should.

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LONDON : ROBERT SUTTON.

CXVII

POMPEII

THESE ruins on the wide Campanian plain,
The skeleton of city long since dead,
Like bones of antique hero yet remain
To tell of fullest life that long has fled.
For Cicero once walked these stony ways,
And Nero and Tiberius here saw
The chariot race and games of cruel days,
While in the Forum echoed Roman Law.
And how the people lived from day to day
Is shown by streets of houses and of shops,
And villas with adornments grave and gay,
Some homes of sages, some of trifling fops.
Man's nature then was very much as now,
Though ancient customs we may not allow.

CXVIII

THE FLEGRÆAN FIELDS

THOUGH Vulcan's fires do still Campania light,
Flegræan flame has long extinguished been ;
Appalling roars no longer wake the night
Where crater lakes by Baïæ's shore are seen.
The water mirror of Avernus lake
Below descent as easy as of yore,
Lucrinus and Agnano, the mind all take
To when Ulysses stood upon this shore.
Yet since that time the Monte Nuovo rose
And lava rolled from Solfatara too ;
But still the vine on Monte Barbaro grows
That gave the wine that Roman nobles knew.
On classic ground our thoughts to heroes rise
And lifted are we e'en towards the skies.

CXIX

BAIÆ

ABODE of ease, of soft delights the home
Was Baiæ by the sparkling water's side,
When here patricians of Imperial Rome
In luxury allowed their lives to glide.
Augustus, Virgil, and great Cicero,
And many others of historic name,
Its streets and villa-palaces did know,
For far and wide was spread its baths' great fame.
And still the waters of the lovely bay
With smiling ripples lave the golden shore ;
But silent as the night is now the day
Where streets and palaces are all no more.
The truth we seek of ancient daily life
Is not in records of politic strife.

CXX

THE TEMPLE OF SERAPIS

NEAR Puzuoli three ancient columns stand,
With marble shafts that long have been uncrowned,
But tell of sinking and of rising land
Since temple-builders worked upon this ground ;
For in the stone and high upon its side
Are perforations molluscs of the sea
Have made, proclaiming that, without a tide,
Here water was where now but land we see :
And so these ruins of a temple old
Can teach some science to the modern mind.
It is a lesson that has oft been told
To those for knowledge of the earth inclined.
These stones set up to teach some little truth
A greater truth now serve to teach in sooth.

CXXI

CAPRI

THE marble isle by Campanella's shore
O'erhangs the waters of the azure sea,
That then are bluer than they were before,
And so a wond'rous grotto do we see.
How grandly is the lovely island placed,
With Naples' crescent bay extending far,
By crested Somma and Vesuvius faced,
And splendid scene around with naught to mar.
Upon the isle a stately palace stood
In which Tiberius for long did dwell.
Regardless was he of his people's good,
And into melancholy madness fell.

The brightest scenes that all the world displays
Do not to some bring joy or brighter days.

CXXII

ISCHIA

WHERE Epomeo clearly cuts the sky
Across the wide expanding Naples Bay,
There Ischia's isle so peacefully does lie
As if it never knew great Vulcan's sway.
Yet it has often seen volcanic fires,
And lava pouring from its cratered cones;
Its coast-line cliffs the traveller admires
Are but piled up volcanic rocks and stones.
And in our days deep mighty forces too
Upon these shores have brought destruction dire,
For Casamicciola they quite o'erthrew
By earthquake worse than Epomeo's fire.
Though stern the force that nature sometimes
wields,
She smallest seed and youngest creature shields.

CXXIII

SPAIN

A LAND where Roman, Goth, and Moor, have reigned,
A land of chivalry and old romance,
A state that once a mighty empire gained
Beyond the Western Ocean's wide expanse.
A sunny land of corn, and oil, and wine,
Of lofty uplands, vales and coastal plains,
Of treasures of the surface and the mine,
Of ancient cities and of sacred fanes.
The people, too, in antique mould are cast,
For courtesy and dignity are theirs,
With much that's reminiscent of the past,
A chequered past, of which they are the heirs.
 Though dynasties may change and empires wane,
 The characters of Race through all remain.

MISCELLANEOUS VERSE

LAUS DEO

"O all ye works of the Lord, bless ye the Lord : praise Him and magnify Him for ever."

I

How grand the world that we inherit,
By simple birth and not from merit,
Of land, and sea, and sky!
The mountain range, the rolling sea,
The spreading plains and upland lea,
With floating clouds on high.

II

The snowy mountains upward rise
And with their summits pierce the skies—
Grand pinnacles of earth ;
And rocky peaks of mountains bare
Are bathed in golden sunlight there,
Like things of higher birth.

III

Those softly-swelling verdant downs
That raise their velvet covered crowns
Above the beechen glade,
Adorn our glorious English land,
And now contract and now expand
Their brightness and their shade.

IV

And moorland hills all bare and brown,
Although like nature with a frown,
Yet smile in sunny light :
The rough old rocks, the long backed moor,
Then charm the eye, and so allure
With colours richly dight.

V

But e'en without Sol's glorious beams
There are of beauty plenteous gleams
On hilly moorland wild,
For those who Nature closely scan,
And do not lowly beauties ban
As but to please a child.

VI

Small crystal streams on stony bed
From tarn and mossy waters fed,
With sparkling ripples run ;
While heather-flower, and blue-bell too,
Relieve the all surrounding hue
Of russet and of dun.

VII

And all around and everywhere,
There is the pure translucent air
That springy makes the tread :
It strengthens body, strengthens will,
And with delight the soul does fill,
As 'twere by heavenly bread.

VIII

Then rushing waters, waterfalls,
Are tumbling down 'twixt lofty walls
Of lichen covered rocks ;
And from the turmoil down below,
The boiling waters dash and flow
Among great stony blocks.

IX

The torrent waters flowing fast
Until they find the vale at last,
Now murmur in a dell ;
While on each side, the high steep bank
Is clothed with vegetation rank,
And beauty none can tell.

X

Bright silver streams with gleaming light
Are now in view, now lost to sight,
Amid o'erarching trees ;
And rivers lined with sedge and reed
Are winding through the verdant mead,
All rippled by the breeze.

XI

They land adorn, and as they flow
They tell of force above, below,
Uniting earth to star :
So thus the universe, we find,
Is by one Power in one combined—
The brook and worlds afar.

XII

The hills with verdure and with wood
Descending to the river's flood,
With smoothly sloping lawns,
Are studded with the oak and beech,
With boughs of far extending reach
O'er herds of stags and fawns.

XIII

And grand old trees in sylvan glade
Bestow their quiet restful shade
Upon the ferns below ;
Then all is peaceful, still and cool,
Yet lilies light the silent pool
That stays the brooklet's flow.

XIV

And meadows green are bright with flowers,
That long beguile the children's hours,
Throughout the blithesome Spring ;
While far above both field and park
Most sweetly sings the warbling lark,
While high upon the wing.

XV

The lake is nestling midst the hills,
And drinking from a thousand rills
With placid smiling face;
The hills, that steeply rise around,
Are some with foliage richly crowned,
Some wooded at their base.

XVI

And when the daylight's on the wane,
How lovely is the silver plain,
With emerald islets set!
A mystic haze is o'er the whole
That fascinates the musing soul—
'Tis earth and heaven met.

XVII

Then with the Summer there is seen
A richer hue on Nature's green
Of grass or leafy tree;
The spreading fields of golden corn,
That lofty hedge-row elms adorn,
Are goodly then to see.

XVIII

The woods are glorious to behold,
Resplendent with both green and gold,
Beneath the Autumn sky;
And Autumn's colours, rich and bright,
Are burnished by the splendid light,
When Autumn's sun is high.

XIX

When Autumn's golden sun is lost,
And earth is grasped by Winter's frost
With rime upon the grass,
Then all is changed to silver land,
And earth becomes a fairy land,
As by a magic glass.

XX

On coppice thick, and hedge-row high,
And on the shrubs, the rime does lie
 In frosted silver lines ;
And on the yew-tree by the church,
As on the graceful drooping birch,
 And on the lofty pines.

XXI

The scene is beautiful when snow
Falls thickly over all below,
 And softest carpet lays ;
Then village church and castle walls,
And cottage roofs and lordly halls,
 Their snowy gables raise.

XXII

'Tis then the mere's crystalline sheet
Resounds with skaters, hale and fleet,
 Upon its smooth expanse ;
And when the sun shines on the scene
It all receives a golden sheen
 Of beauteous radiance.

XXIII

The Summer seas with ripples bright
Are glancing in the sunny light
 And lave the yellow sand ;
But Winter seas are grander still,
When all our bays with foam they fill
 And break upon the strand.

XXIV

Then when, at night, the shining moon
Succeeds to Summer's glowing noon,
 With gentle palid light ;
A splendid silver sea is seen
That shines with brightly burnished sheen,
 Befitting angels' flight.

XXV

And stormy seas are strangely grand,
When standing on the coast-cliff land
We look upon the scene ;
What time the full moon rises high,
But rising in an angry sky
Has oft a cloudy screen.

XXVI

When from the shade the light breaks clear
It shows the breakers far and near,
With curling snow-white crests,
Advancing to the bounding shore—
And with a long continuous roar,
As from a thousand breasts.

XXVII

But when we see the starry sky
We feel The Spirit to be nigh,
Though infinite It be :
For though we weigh ourselves as nought,
We know we have the power of thought
Of Spirit-world the key.

XXVIII

For can a dog or can a horse
Regard the stars as nought,
Or can a dog or can a horse
Astronomy be taught !
The spirit then that is in man
Must truly be divine :
Of this the stars that o'er us shine
Must surely be the sign.

XXIX

Though size be more than we can grasp,
And distance inconceivable,
The thought that weighs the starry worlds
Makes Over-soul receivable :

So Science may expend its strength
And teach us all it knows,
'Twill but unite us more to God
As knowledge in us grows.

THE KNOWN GOD

WHEN vaulted o'er by starry skies,
I deem myself but of the clay ;
And dazed by thought of time and size,
I scarce can see man's little day ;
Yet know the road mankind has trod
Directs the soul to know of God.

Not Him proclaimed to listening hosts
Excited preachers think they know,
A tyrant that condemns men's ghosts,
They say, to everlasting woe—
A deity below mankind—
For lower being none can find.

A God like no imperious king,
For ever wroth with his own child ;
A God for ever threatening,—
Disgrace to savage of the wild :
Though worshipped now and long ago
This is a god I do not know.

Nor Him who sets aside His laws,
And gives us rain or fair blue skies,
And shames Omniscience with a pause,
For plaintive interested cries :
A deity that shames himself
And panders to the meanest pelf.

But 'twas such faiths gave men their strength
To make a future we enjoy,

And so, if now we soar at length
Their low belief we still employ,
And though we know their God not true
He suited then their mental view.

Oh, lengthening time! Oh, higher life!
Enveloping my little self
So small! and bound by mundane strife,
A sense of God is greatest wealth:
And this is what may be begot
By weighing earth and human lot.

The God I know rules over all,
He dwells, I know, exceeding high,
But does not let the sparrow fall
Except there is a reason why:
So in the stone my God is there,
And in the wood and everywhere.

I know but little, still I'm sure—
Whatever be my rank or place—
That I'm but dross while God is pure,
Too pure for me to see His Face:
But yet the good or ill we do
Affects the clearness of the view.

I banish fear, for I do trust
The Power that made me what I am,
The God who's taught me what is just,
And gives to earth a God-man Lamb:
I trust this vision, to my ken
The grandest faith for mortal man.

I love the wrapt and dreaming mind,
The outcome of a reverent soul,
That in the Father-Mind dost find
A place in that transcendent whole:

If kneeling nations watched and yearned,
From all that's base would man be turned.

From all we see and all we know,
We know effect is from a cause,
As sure as arrow from a bow
Speeds to its aim without a pause :
The Father-Cause of all effects
Is called our God by all the sects.

Creative power does not suffice,
To fill the realm of human mind,
For power alone is cold as ice,
But God is Power and Love combined :
If Power and Love combined we know
The God above we know below.

And Love is seen as well as Power,
For all things work to higher ends,
But ends not of the passing hour—
To longer future each thing tends :
The greatest good for longest time
Is not mere gain for me and mine.

Our science tells of Power Divine
And knowledge shows us Heavenly Love,
So greatest Power and Love combine—
The attributes of God above :
When Love is known and Power we own,
Then God, the two, to man is known.

MATTER AND SPIRIT

THE good in things material
To us is spirit from the earth,
That joined by mind ethereal
Attains a new celestial birth.

E'en simple things that passers-by
Regard with little care or heed,
Can tell us of the Eternal Why
And help us to a worthy creed.

The yellow petals brightly shine
Around a centre dark as night,
Meet symbol for poetic line
To show the power of spirit's light.

A beauteous maid without the soul
Is little else than clay and dross,
The body's part but not the whole,
Nor can survive the spirit's loss.

The sunflower then by teaching men
A spirit's subtle influence owns,
And who shall say, beyond our ken
No spirit is in rocks and stones?

In truth, good sermons may be read,
Without the geologic eye,
In stones, and so the soul be fed
By search for the Eternal Why.

The gold in rocks is earthy then,
And Mammon's gold is sordid then,
But when it shines with cheerful ray
It brightens yet the brightest day.

And gold that gladdens human lives,
Of lowly men and loving wives,
Is beautiful and noble gold
With value that has ne'er been told.

And thus we find material things
Are lifted, as with angels' wings,
Above the earth to mental spheres—
The realms of thought and hopes and fears.

In all things here a spirit lies
That quickly to our spirit flies
When kindled by a living flame—
The living soul mankind can claim.

Oh Life! Oh Spirit! or Oh Soul!
What art thou? is the questioning
Suggested by the years that roll,
And feeds our vain imagining.

Is life but that which moves the mass
And ends with earthly joys and pains,
And shall it never come to pass
That soul shall live without earth's stains?

We may not see but we do know
That something tells us we shall live,
That soul while here we know does grow—
We cannot think it fugitive.

But on material grounds alone, I think,
Eternity with Spirit we may link,
For e'en a Moslem to a Christian Russ
Might reason this portentous subject thus:

The flesh is flesh and so remains,
But of the flesh there are the brains,
And from the brains there is the mind—
Great character of human kind.

The mind a new foundation makes
And to the skies the being takes.
'Tis free from matter then, and moves
Above, outside, material grooves.

For then it joins the Past and Present,
And it connects the Cross and Crescent;
To grasp the Future does not fail,
Nor is confined to earthly pale.

Thus spirit from the flesh proceeds
And to Eternal Life it leads ;
It joins the Future, Present, Past,
So in Eternal mould is cast.

The human spirit sure is then
Akin to that revealed to men
Who see the great encircling line
That round all Nature does entwine.

That penetrates the inmost core
Of massy stone or leaden ore,
That permeates the starry skies,
For to the Earth from Heaven it flies.

This is the Spirit of all time
And is ineffably sublime :
We feel it, know it, and adore,
And want to know it more and more.

Mankind thus in the future days,
Illumined by kind heavenly rays,
Will know this Spirit more and more,
And, knowing, will the more adore.

Adoring, then, mankind will gain
Blest freedom from sad grief and pain,
For knowledge then will shed such light,
That good will gain full power and might.

'Twill triumph over wrong and ill,
It will with peace the world then fill,
For self will quite be lost in Love,
Which is this Spirit from Above.

The spirit reigning now on earth
Thus has its own material source,
But Spirit of a higher birth
Will come to have the greater force.

When to it bows all earthly power,
And both these forces act as one,
'Twill then be the millennial hour
For God's own Will will then be done.

THE SOUL

ONWARD, ceaseless, must we move
To lofty or ignoble goal,
Whether up to Heaven above
Or to the midnight of the soul.

As from broad Eri's placid lake
Niagara's waters calmly flow,
A grand and mighty stream they make
That all united seems to go.

But when they take the dreadful fall,
So like Death's dread and awful hour,
Some rise, as 'twere by Angels' call,
Attracted by a Higher Power.

The atoms of these waters then
In rainbow tints are drest,
Till they arise above our ken
Like spirits of the blest.

Oh thou Great Spirit! high above
The highest thought of mortal man,
Oh Thou Eternal, Heavenly Dove,
That gave the Universe its plan,

What are the souls of earthly forms,
Thou all evolving, all-embracing soul,
But atoms, shaped for earthly storms,
Of Thy great comprehensive Whole?

THE REIGN OF LAW

CONTROLLING all things great and small
We recognise the Reign of Law,
As when a withered leaf does fall
In forests no man ever saw,
Or when the body's course is run
Its solids change to viewless gas,
And when a world before the sun
We see in solemn silence pass.

So in the Universe material
No place for anarchy we find,
And in the world ethereal—
The spirit-world of soul and mind—
One ruling Law pervades the whole
And dominates this spirit-world :
It bears above the struggling soul,
It from above all evil hurled.

It came to Earth, and, clothed as man,
Led heavenward human spirit,
And placed beneath its solemn ban
The pride of human merit.
This great, great Law is Heavenly Love,
And God is Love, then Love is God,
The Holy Spirit, the Heavenly Dove,
The one, the true, the only God.

SCIENCE AND RELIGION

SOMETIMES we find a worthy man
With love of earth's realities,
Who lives to study Nature's plan
And not the world's formalities.

He knows the constancy of law,
The kinship of the stars and sun,
He can from rocks their lessons draw,
And chemic knowledge he has won.

But not the knowledge of the soul,
The movements of the human mind,
The pressing forward to a goal,
The tendencies of human kind.

Nor that which lies behind the facts
Of all the things material,
The motive of a thousand acts
Of peasant and of prince imperial.

The inward worship by mankind
Of that which is above ourselves,
The Highest Good, beyond the mind
Of him who writes or him who delves.

His science gives for these no place
Nor holds them worthy of respect,
And things transcending time and space
He deems it wise to quite reject.

Vain dreams he holds the strongest forces
That have inspired great human souls,
And given oft the primal sources
Of power to gain most lofty goals.

Where the wisdom of ignoring
All that makes us kind and good,
Or of never once imploring
From on high our daily food?

What to him that law be constant,
That the apple falls to earth,
If he is not also constant
To the wish for greater worth.

And greater worth none can possess
Without a standard high,
Much higher than all must confess
Their science brings them nigh.

This high, great Good our God we call,
From Him all things proceed,
He is above, around us all,
And serves our every need.

LOOK FOR THE GOOD

THE good in everything to find,
Whether of great or little worth,
Is noblest exercise of mind,
Is purest joy upon the earth.

We do not like nor this nor that,
But other things we like or love,
We loathe some insects or a rat
And welcome back the cooing dove.

Of men we are repelled by some,
By some is won our fullest trust,
They give us joy whene'er they come
And banish gloom we feel we must.

But yet in those we do not love
Are qualities of value too,
Bestowed on them by God above,
Though seek for these we seldom do.

Contempt to feel is surely wrong,
However much of dross we find,
A grain of gold, in weak or strong,
There's sure to be somewhere behind.

A DREAM

THE past arises to my eyes,
And faces that have long since died,
And now a scene before me lies
Of noble trees and meadows wide.

Of rippling river flowing fast
Beside an old church tower,
And ancient bridge of England's past,
And park and garden bower.

I see my home of long ago,
I hear the bells of Sunday morn,
I shake the hands of those I know
And walk amidst the golden corn.

The scenes that once did charm the mind
Are born again for mental view,
And memories with the being twined
Come back as fresh as though quite new.

These transient visions of the past
Give added joys to mundane life,
Oh! that they could but longer last
To brighten more this world of strife.

PROSPERITY

IN great Queen Bess's glorious days
Sir Thomas Gresham gained much praise,
For with a mind of lengthy range
He founded London's first Exchange.

His crest upon the building's spire
Denotes to all who may aspire
To prosper and to gather gold,
That they must be alert and bold.

But one sees not as others see,
All look through glasses tinted ;
Advance will one while others flee
Who are of worth not stinted.

We are by lifelong custom ruled,
And this is on our nature founded ;
By these two powers we are schooled
And each one's mental stature bounded.

SORROW

WHILE Nature smiled and all around was glad,
I read a woeful melancholy page
By one whose every thought was drear and sad,
Though not from sickness, penury or age.

The summer insects buzzed from very joy,
The birds above their sweetest carols sang,
The sun shone brightly, and each girl and boy
Played joyously, while church bells chimed and rang.

Beyond the fields, above the trees, I see
The taper spire of Harrow rising high,
Upon the hill where Byron bent the knee
Yet loved the woes of men to magnify.

His life was one long grand poetic moan,
While poor unlettered hinds were blithe and glad,
Though grander verse than his is scarcely known
His Nature-loving soul was drear and sad.

Then what is it that causes woe?
Not always the events without us,
For there are those though poor and low
A cheerful smile have always brought us.

It must be then the soul's own part
To lighten or to darken grief,
To make great sorrow break the heart
Or give its sadness quick relief.

But feeling is the soul's great glory,
So take not from it tenderness,
But cherish still the Christian story—
'Twill comfort give and blessedness.

'Twill raise the soul above the I,
To live in aim, and hope, and light,
Then all things evil thou'lt defy
And mingle with the Infinite.

YOUTH AND AGE

How bright the view from yonder mound,
When morning mists are gone!
How changed the scene from lower ground
When evening shades come on!

So youth will have most gladsome hopes
When standing fair and free,
But when with saddening age he copes
These visions from him flee.

The sunshine of summer soon passes away,
And winter succeeds with its darkness and cold,
So transient and fleeting is life's little day—
For years pass away as a tale that is told.

WOMAN'S LOVE

How fair the earth, the sky how bright
When Summer sunshine gladdens all!
How drear and sad, how dull the light,
When Winter's clouds and storms appal!

As with the outward world we see,
So is it with the soul within,
Prosperity bids gloom to flee,
Adversity to sorrow's kin.

But yet, ofttimes, another light
Illumes the soul when wealth declines,
A sun more warm and far more bright
Than all the wealth from field or mines.

The sunshine of true woman's love
Gilds cottage walls and poor array,
And is a blessing from above
To banish sadness quite away.

But yet when she whose love is true
Endures the want and shares the pain,
And has not that which is her due,
Then joy to him indeed is slain.

A man may lighten saddening woe
From strokes that injure none beside,
But when his loss brings others low
His grief is then intensified.

ELIJA

ELIJA stood before the man
Who governed Israel's troubled land:
How great he was in virtue's van,
How great above the idol's band!

His greatness whence? In serving true
Jehovah his great righteous God :
Though they were many, his but few,
He feared not Ahab's kingly rod.

So shall it be with us to-day,
If we with constant care do serve
The Good and True, the noble way
That all should ever still observe.

Both earthly ills and mental strife
Will by its blessing lessened be,
And we shall live a higher life
That makes the power of evil flee.

THE CROSS OF ST. PETER'S

WHEN on Campagna's classic ground
I sighted first Imperial Rome,
And saw the city noble crowned
With grand St. Peter's swelling dome,
I gazed with admiration great
Upon the Cross, uplifted high,
Above the centre of the state
That made the early Christians die.

There cruelty was high enthroned,
And heartless luxury was gross,
There infamy was oft condoned—
Round grains of gold were tons of dross.
But now the Cross proclaims the day
Of love and sympathy and light,
E'en as it well reflects the ray
That banishes the gloom of night.

THE LEGEND OF KINGSBURY

IN long past misty days of old,
By Brent's sequestered verdant vale,
A chieftain lived, both strong and bold,
Who made afar his power prevail.

But Roman arms were much too strong
For British rude and savage men,
In days of old, when, right or wrong,
'Twas might was right to mortal ken.

The British chief to Rome exiled
Was solaced by a maiden fair,
Good Claudia, his Christian child,
Who comforted her father there.

The Church at Rome was then just born,
And few there were gave heed to Paul;
The many thought of wine and corn—
The care that brought about Rome's fall.

But Claudia, the British maid,
Did not Paul's teaching set at naught,
And so her name will nevar fade
While Bible words are read and taught.

For in the sacred page 'tis found,
And, linked with Pudens, it is seen
In Martial's classic verse renowned,
For she of Pudens was the queen.

Where Claudia was born by Brent
Stood afterwards a Saxon town,
And almost earliest south of Trent
The church at Kingsbury had renown.

So thus is linked old Kingsbury church
E'en with the grand old Bible story,
And, too, we learn from such research
The Church of England's early glory.

ODE ON THE DIAMOND JUBILEE, 1897

JUBILEE! glad Jubilee!
Let all discord, rancour flee,
Let our songs of gladness rise,
Let our joy displace all sighs
In this Year of Jubilee.

Victoria Great demands our praise,
Loud shouts of triumph let us raise,
And tell to all the splendid story
Of Victoria's reign and glory,
In this Year of Jubilee.

Young, she sat with aged men—
Men of sword and gown and pen:
Queenly then as now was she,
Wise and good as still we see
In this Year of Jubilee.

We'll tell of that thrice happy choice
Of Albert, by all peoples' voice
A gracious prince of wisdom great,
Who loved the Queen and served the State
Long before this Jubilee.

We will tell her married life,
When she was a model wife,
And maintained in fiercest light,
That good name that is so bright
In this Year of Jubilee.

Of sons and daughters, too, we'll tell,
And family life, beloved so well,
At Windsor and the Isle of Wight ;
True English homes of peace and light
In this Year of Jubilee.

And the Highland Home we know—
Pure as is unsullied snow—
Sees in all simplicity,
Life with great felicity
In this Year of Jubilee.

And where amongst the mountains brown,
The Queen who wears Britannia's crown
The charms of Nature does not scorn,
And gracious is to lowly born
In this Year of Jubilee.

And also of the World's Great Fair,
With crystal house of treasures rare,
And that great scene on May Day morn,
With fruits of Art that life adorn
In this Year of Jubilee.

When men from every nation,
And men in every station,
Sang Queen Victoria's praise :
Our song to her again we raise
In this Year of Jubilee.

From this a hill has since been crowned
By crystal dome with gardened ground—
A glittering palace of delight,
And stored to give the millions light
In this Year of Jubilee.

And of Crimean days of glory—
That oftentimes told heroic story—
When Britons bore themselves so well,
We will unto our children tell
In this Year of Jubilee.

Of Victoria's words of grace
To the wounded, face to face,
When returned from Russia's shore,
We will speak of more and more
In this Year of Jubilee.

And sing we, too, of conquests made
O'er spacious plains and forest shade,
By great heroic men of peace,
Who free the slave and wealth increase
In this Year of Jubilee.

Of visits paid to foreign lands,
When all she wished became commands
To princes, emperors, and kings,
The record still a pleasure brings
In this Year of Jubilee.

And we will speak of visits paid,
Of which the memory will not fade,
To English towns and Scottish too,
Whose people are as ever true
In this Year of Jubilee.

From North to South her country's seen
The presence of the British Queen
Whose aid to good throughout the land
Has given been by voice and hand,
Often making Jubilee.

The day she rode in splendid state
From palace to the Abbey gate,

'Mid clang of bells and music's swell,
We will unto our children tell.
It was the Golden Jubilee:
Her people then were proud to see
A crowd of princes proudly ride
To do her honour side by side
In that Year of Jubilee.

To mark the day she thought it best
To use a fund from East and West
To aid the poor and lessen pain,
And added glory to her reign.
And still her sympathies to all
In crowded mill or cottage small,
Or on the deep or in the mine,
If suffering, at once incline
In this Year of Jubilee.

But all will tell with reverent voice
The loss of her young maiden choice,
And of Devotion to him shown
Through all the years that since have flown.
A Prince and Princess now are seen
Supporters of our gracious Queen,
And they are known to be by all
Responsive to high duty's call
In this Year of Jubilee.

We will recount the men of State
Who've graced a glorious reign,
To men of arms and learning great
Give praise in gladsome strain;
Rememb'ring well the progress made
In wealth and comfort too,
In knowledge gained by every grade,
All this we will review
In our Year of Jubilee.

Nor yet forget the distant lands
That now obey our Queen's commands,
Our vast Colonial Empire grand
And India with its coral strand.
Then let us pray Old England's Queen
May still upon the throne be seen,
That she may ever be victorious
And be Victoria great and glorious
Beyond this Year of Jubilee.

THE BATTLE OF SENLAC¹

KING HAROLD came to Senlac Hill to meet the
Norman foe ;
Duke William with his Normans bold, well armed with
lance and bow,
They left behind the Norman land, and crossed the
stormy sea,
To fight the Anglo-Saxon hosts and bend the Saxon
knee ;
They crossed the sea from Normandy and stood upon
the shore
Where men of France in armed array had never stood
before.

King Harold saw the Norman host on looking to the
west—
A mighty host of warriors by Bishop Odo blest—
Their lances and their armour bright were gleaming in
the sun,
With banners gold-embroidered by fair dame and Bayeux
nun.
Then on they came, o'er Pevensey Marsh, that bounds
the southern sea,
To meet the Anglo-Saxon hosts wherever they might be.

¹ Commonly known as the Battle of Hastings.

On, on they came, those Normans bold, across the wide
expanse,
Before them England, and behind, the sunny land of
France.
With troops of horse, the mailed knights came on to
Hastings town,
And afterwards they proudly march from there to
Senlac Down.
And now they reach the fateful hill, and now are face
to face
With brave King Harold and his men of Anglo-Saxon
race.

The Earls of Shires and Manors' Lords from all the
English lands
Were gathered there at Senlac with their strong and
valiant bands,
The fishermen of Hastings, the woodmen of the Weald,
The shepherds of the Downs, and the tillers of the field,
The traders from the market, the herdsmen from the fair,
The craftsmen from the towns, all were gathered quickly
there.

From Anglia East and Anglia West had come these
men-at-arms,
And Mercia sent her trusty sons to answer war's alarms,
While far Northumbria's hardy men with southern
Saxons stand ;
For East and West, and North and South, obey the
king's commands.
Though Wessex men are many and Northumbria's sons
but few,
With men of Kent, and Sussex, and East Anglia all
are true,
And men from Mercia's spacious plains are doughty
and are bold,
And filled with patriotic fire that can't be bought with
gold.

Beside the king stood Fyfield's Lord, who spoke to
Harold then,
In presence of his men-at-arms, the gallant Berkshire men,
"In Berkshire was King 'Alfred born, the pride of
Saxon race ;
Give Berkshire men in this great fight, my Lord, the
foremost place ;
We'll die before we turn, my Lord, and give no cause
to say
That Alfred's countrymen did not support their king
to-day."

"No, no, good knight of Fyfield, no," to him then Harold
spake,
"For everyone amongst us all a foremost place must
take ;
Let all be first and none be last to smite the Norman
down,
Or never more will mortal wear the Anglo-Saxon crown.
It is the day of days for us, for on it hangs our fate,
My crown and life, your rank and lands, and England's
Saxon State.

"But see, they come! they're on us! Oh, men-at-arms
strike hard!
Be strong as giants in the fight to slay the Norman
pard.
So strike the foeman to the ground, and let the white
horse prance,
Then never more will England feel the hostile tread
of France."

And so they did, those Saxons good, they fought both
brave and well,
But Norman horse and armour strong at length began
to tell.
Then, smote with lance in serried ranks, those soldiers
brave and good

Now fell upon that English ground for which they'd
shed their blood ;
They did not turn, but, facing, fell on Senlac's famous
ground,
The men-at-arms, the knights, the earls, the king whom
they had crowned.
For, struck by foeman's fatal dart, King Harold died
that day,
Then all the realm of England passed beneath the
Norman sway,
Though Harold, son of Godwin, was a hero good and
true,
Whose valour and whose virtues great were then surpassed
by few.
Upon the ground where Harold fell a stately Abbey rose,
And William gave it broad, fair lands, to give his soul
repose ;
Old Senlac then was changed in name, and Battle took
its place,
To mark the spot where fell that king of Anglo-Saxon
race.

THE ISLE OF WIGHT

THE Isle of Wight
Is fair and bright,
Beside the Solent sea,
With sunny sheen
On slopes of green
That rise from shore and lea.

Saint Catherine's Down,
And Ventnor town,
And, westward, Blackgang Chine,
And Bonchurch, too,
Adorn the view
Along the southern line.

Bold cliffs defend,
And grandeur lend
 To all the smiling land,
With leafy vale
And spreading dale
 By softest zephyr fanned.

The downs extend
From end to end
 A swelling band of green,
From Needles white
To Culver's height
 The rolling downs are seen.

An ancient pile
Connects this isle
 With Charles's tragic fate,
For standing high
With Newport nigh
 Is Car'sbrook's ivy'd gate.

The deeply cut and pretty chines
Have bowery sides on steep inclines,
And purling streamlets seaward flow
Among the boulders down below.

Medina Water's silver sheen
Umbrageous banks extends between ;
And beauty gives to all around
A scene with woods and castle crowned.

The little coves and open bays,
Where children spend long sunny days,
And Sandown's shore, and smiling Ryde,
Are peaceful all in Summer tide.

Securely looks o'er this fair scene
The island-home of England's Queen,
For Osborne's Towers well command
The Solent and the verdant land.

The waters round this southern isle,
When August's sun does softly smile,
Show yachts and ships of every size
And from their masts bright bunting flies.

Shining so brightly
The blue waters dance,
Shining so whitely
The spreading sails glance,
Sailing so smoothly
The graceful yachts glide,
Sailing so smoothly
On top of the tide.

The shades of night begin to fall,
Then lights are shown by one and all,
And in the water, deep below,
Is seen the soft, reflected glow.

In deepening darkness blue-lights show
And rockets rise with brighter glow,
The rising tide, with cloudless night,
Is silvered by the full moon light.

On such a night, 'tis sweet to stroll,
On such a night, with kindred soul,
On such a night, deep thoughts arise
For then the spirit heavenward flies.

The sea and land are altered quite
And mystic made by such a night,
Then forms appear as not of earth
But having transcendental birth.

We seem to see a charmèd place
Without a stain, without a trace
Of human wrong or human woe—
Unlike all places here below.

For less than solid seems the land,
And more than fluid seems the sea—
Not even by a zephyr fanned,
So all like cloudland seems to be.

Above, the perfect arching vault
Displays the shining orb of night,
All seems to be without a fault,
The work alone of Heavenly Might.

OXFORD

Two freshmen stood on Maudlin tower,
The graceful pile by Cherwell bridge,
When they were charmed by mead and bower
To Shotover's commanding ridge.
But westwards, ancient Oxford stands,
A home of learning Alfred knew,
And famous e'en in distant lands;
Then rich Thames Vale extends the view.

Below, the grand old street, the High,
Divides the city midway through:
Few modern streets with it can vie,
Nor London street nor Paris rue.
And many men when young this street
Have paced, with names then known to few,
And passed this tower with lightsome feet,
Who afterwards to greatness grew.
These have the name of England raised
For justice, wisdom, valour, all,
Whose virtues England's voice has praised,
Whose names no shame can e'er befall.

They see where Worcester's buildings stand,
In spacious gardens richly green,
With colleges on either hand,
'Midst which the Martyrs' Cross is seen.

The noble spire on massive base
Is old St. Mary's famous church ;
Which long has heard the words of grace,
Seen doctors grave from deep research
And students fresh from parents' care ;
Where old and young together meet,
In spirit reverential there,
To sit at learned preachers' feet.

The dome-capped tower to the left
Is Christ Church, college greatly famed
For feasts e'er Wolsey was bereft,
But since, for feasts of knowledge claimed.

That broader tower is Merton old,
Where science now is fostered well,
For Merton values more than gold
The tale that Nature's truth can tell.

'Neath yonder well proportioned dome
Is found the Radcliffe, place of books,
Near good old Bodley's ancient home
Of learned tomes in quaint old nooks.

And then beyond, the gabled pile
To Keble's fame is monument ;
With soul so sweet and free from guile,
He seemed as though from Heaven sent.
It is old Oxford's recent gift,
And "in memoriam" grand and wise,
Of him who made in clouds a rift
And gave a glimpse of heavenly skies.

Another gothic building new
The science wonders holds,
For those who Nature love to view
On mountains, plains or wolds.

How great the Oxford of to-day,
Combining old and modern lore!
She still to Heaven shows the way,
Yet values truth by Nature's door.

A monument to Founders great
Who were the makers of the place,
Most fitting and appropriate
And worthy of the English Race;
A temple of the Good and True
In which are well comprised
Religion high and Science too,
For both are there well prized.

And by the gothic science-shrine
Is seen the house where Phillips died:
A noble man with mind a mine,
And soul of good and true allied.
A many sided mind he had,
With tolerance for every view
And thought, except the mean and bad,
And e'en to these he gave their due,
And looked on them with Mercy's eye.
His brother man he gently scanned,
Because he knew good reasons why
A man can't live the life he's planned.

And free from pride and vain conceit,
He was the gentlest teacher known,
Of Oxford a Professor meet
With helpful words and lofty tone.
Though Nature's truth was paramount,
His was a reverential mind,

Of causes he'd give true account
But none a scoff did ever find.
As Stanley wise, the Abbey's Dean,
Of every faith was tolerant,
So Phillips has in science been
His excellent equivalent.
He knew the wants and needs of man,
How varied they and many,
And never put beneath his ban
The soul's desire of any.
His kindly word and genial smile
Have cheered me on my way,
And so I stay a little while
A tribute small to pay.

This crowd of towers, domes and spires,
May likened be to human lives,
They represent the soul's desires
Of him who thinks and him who strives.
Some soon complete their aim in life,
Although exalted it may be,
While some depart from 'midst the strife,
Their life's high aim no one can see.
Some build a solid earthly base
And then aspire to higher things,
With some this never is the case—
The soul in them to earth still clings.

This ancient seat of learning stands
Like island in a sea of green,
The grandly wooded Newnham lands
And meadows round on all sides seen,
While Isis winds its silver band
With Cotswold water flowing,
Through Oxford's Vale of verdant land
In sunshine warmly glowing.

AT WINDSOR

ON Windsor's terraced height I stood
And looked o'er all the western glade,
But so abounding was the flood,
The whole a spacious lake was made.

A sheet of water, calm and still,
With silvered surface smooth and bright,
And every stream and smaller rill
Is lost to my accustomed sight.

But Eton's academic towers
Inspire the placid watery plain,
And Bray's old church and Cliveden's bowers
Repose beneath the sun's slow wane.

The elms and oaks, erstwhile so green,
Are dark and bare o'er all the vale,
But still as stately forms are seen
Above the gleaming waters pale.

The distant hills are dimly blue,
The sun sets glowing in the west,
He gilds the clouds with warmest hue
And tells to all the time of rest.

Again, I stood on Windsor's height,
But changed the scene, with splendid trees
On meadows green by river bright
And sparkling from the passing breeze.

The forest stretches to the south,
The valley widens to the east,
With Thames full flowing to its mouth
By Wey, and Mole, and Colne, increased.

And yonder stands St. George's Hill,
And nearer, Anne's enchanting bowers,
Where Fox, when doing England's will,
Gave truce to care for sweetest hours.

And there we see fair Runnymede,
The field of liberty and light,
Where John gave England Freedom's deed,
The Charter Great of Britain's right.

Across the river's shining stream
Are future rulers of our land,
For Eton's sons of glory dream,
A youthful and a gallant band.

Etonia's towers and antique spires
Are seen against the northern sky,
And then, afar, the village sires
By Stoke's old church with Gray now lie.

But in the midst of this dear land
Rise high the noble Windsor Towers,
Above the Castle old and grand,
And Berkshire's stately royal bowers.

THE VALLEY OF THE WYE

A SILVER stream flows through a vale,
With woods and hoary crags adorned,
And grey old piles, where men in mail
In olden times all danger scorned.

The woods are dark, the river's bright,
And in the midst old Tintern slumbers,
A monument of growing light,
Where quires sang in sweetest numbers.

The meadows green around do lie,
The sheep and cattle graze and rest
And all is still save zephyr's sigh—
A vale with peace and plenty blest.

The corn upstanding golden grows
In richest sunshine of the year,
The blushing cottage-garden rose
The lives of toilers serves to cheer.

How beautiful is this fair scene,
Composed of many diverse things!
Fit prospect for a Nation's Queen,
For joy, and hope, and love, it brings.

The parts of this delightful whole
Are some so old and some so new,
Those for the storm when thunders roll,
These for the summer sun to woo.

The sturdy oak—the gentle flower,
The lofty elm—the tender grass,
The baron's keep—the lady's bower,
The rugged cliff—the river's glass.

These differing objects when combined,
A landscape form harmonious,
And all unite to give the mind
A pleasure sweet and glorious.

And so 'tis with a human life,
Made up of pleasures and of strife,
Of great events, and tender cares,
Important aims, and small affairs.

Could we but see as clearly all
The motives of acts great and small,
As all the parts of this fair vale,
Like harmony there might prevail.

“You live in dreams,” said one in scorn,
“This life is real, hard, and small,
Man’s strivings are for wine and corn,
While on this hard terrestrial ball.”

With truth you speak, and tell to me,
That oil, and wine, and corn, supply
The wants of many whom we see,
And do their natures satisfy ;

But many men have many souls,
And each must live his separate life,
There are not few but many goals
For human-nature’s life-long strife.

THE NEW FOREST

NEW FOREST is a woodland grand,
The finest far in all our land,
With wooded heights and sylvan glades,
With stately trees and bosky shades.

And herds of deer and cattle too
Are in the glades of Forest New,
With sweetest songsters of the air,
And lovely Nature everywhere.

Not any scene in Europe wide
Can equal it in Autumn-tide,
With golden colours covered o’er
Like gardens old of classic lore.

Rich prospects stretch for miles around
O’er woods and over open ground,
And oaks with rugged trunks still grow
Where Rufus fell by fatal bow.

For ages may this forest be so kept
To show what England was e'er Rufus slept,
To show in coming artificial days
To all fair Nature and fair Nature's ways.

Great towns will grow and with them care,
As with the wheat so grows the tare,
For all advance in mundane life
Is only consequent on strife.

But when, in ancient forest wild
That never has by man been spoiled,
We commune with sweet Nature fair,
Then banished is all anxious care.

It charms the eye, instructs the mind,
So purer pleasure none can find,
It lifts the spirit up from earth,
And sanctifies a worldly birth.

Then let all lovers of our land
Unite to make a firm demand
That ancient trees and woods remain
The glory of this Hampshire plain.

That wood-land wild and open heath,
The woods with underwood beneath,
Shall be preserved o'er all this land
To keep for aye this forest grand.

DERWENT WATER

'TWEEN Keswick town and Borrowdale
Its waters bright expand,
To tell its beauties words would fail—
The gem of Cumberland.

High over all the varied scene
Great Skiddaw grandly towers,
With summit russet, base of green
Adorned with bosky bowers.

And Castle Head, with crown all bare
Above the woods below,
Reflects the western sunlight there
In warm and ruddy glow.

And cascades sparkle, dash and roar,
In Derwent Water's vale,
The Barrow Falls, and famed Lodore
Of Southey's rhyming tale.

By wooded heights and wooded isles,
And sun-lit face with radiant smiles,
And lofty mountain peaks around,
Fair Derwent is with beauty crowned.

A floating island's sometimes seen,
Then's lost, as it had never been:
Fit island for the world's opprest
To take them to eternal rest.

The man with cares and sad'ning woes
Then sighs for rest and calm repose,
And for the rest that comes to all,
The rest alike for great and small.

For freedom from the cares of earth
And for a new and nobler birth:
He sighs for when he can aspire
Without earth's cares or base desire.

MOONLIGHT SCENES

How beautiful are scenes by moonlight bright,
They seem enchanted by Diana's light,
E'en terrors dire are softened and subdued
And beauty's self is e'en with more imbued.

Grand is Brighton's open sea
When the rolling waves we see,
Splendid then the glorious night
When the full moon gives her light.

The moonlit surface of this open sea
Is not like that we see from Cowes's quay;
'Tis there a brightly burnished silver plate,
'Tis here both light and dark like human fate.

And when the phosphorescent light is seen,
The silvery light on ripples' crest, I mean,
How beautiful it is above the shingle
Where rolling gleams and flashes bright co-mingle.

When Naples Bay is brightly silvered o'er,
With Capri's Isle and lovely Ischia's shore,
And when Vesuvius, rising from the strand,
Is seamed with flowing lava, glowing, grand.

It is a splendid and entrancing sight
That glorifies the calm and solemn night,
And Vulcan's terrors then appal no more
For beauty triumphs o'er volcanic roar.

EVENING AMONGST THE MOUNTAINS

How grand it is when August's sun,
The long warm day then nearly run,
Illumes a mountain summit bare
And throws a great refulgence there.

Then all below in valley deep
Is shaded o'er as if in sleep,
The ground between a russet brown—
A cushion with a golden crown.

But when the orb of day departs
Deep silence then the shade imparts,
With lofty mountains all around
Quite startling is a single sound.

So when the soul enwrapped in gloom
Is shaded with impending doom,
A word will startle and alarm
Though bearing neither threat nor harm.

But when the soul is bathed in light
From doing good and thinking right,
E'en words of dread will not alarm :
'Tis shielded by a heavenly charm.

MONTE ROSA

WHEN seen from Maggiore's sheet of blue
The sun-lit summit of great Rosa glows,
And all the mountain low is screened from view
By morning mists that follow night's repose ;
How grandly mystic is its glory then !
A splendid vision of the skies it seems,
A golden throne not made for mortal men,
A throne for gods, one only sees in dreams.

'Tis quite cut off from all the world below,
Nor union has it with the mounts around,
And on its crest is such resplendent glow
As seems unsuited to our earthly ground.
But when the power of midday heat is felt
That mist dispels and all the mountain clears,
The high celestial splendours also melt
And Rosa's top as part of earth appears.

So oft the minds of common men aspire
To nobly live and high ideals gain,
When hot contention that our needs require
Brings back the life to common ways again.

ASHOW

IN Shakespeare's leafy Warwickshire
Where Arden's oaks abound,
Is fitting place to tune the lyre
That gives the sweetest sound.

Where Avon gently flows along
Amid the woodlands old,
There is a spot that's meet for song,
Though ne'er in song been told.

This central spot of English land,
With peace and plenty blest,
Appears, as by enchanter's wand,
To give the spirit rest.

The clustered homes with gardens flowered
By placid Avon's side,
Repose umbrageously embowered
In sunny Summer tide.

The ancient church, on higher ground,
Surveys the charming scene ;
Its hoary tower looks far around
O'er woods and meadows green.

The swans of Avon slowly sail
Upon the water's face,
The sedges and the lilies pale
The quiet picture grace.

So Ashow was in Shakespeare's time
'Midst Arden's forest shade,
Where young Orlando left his rhyme
For Rosalind, sweet maid.

Though changes now on English land
Since great Eliza's reign,
Most places show on every hand,
Unchanged some spots remain.

So this sequestered village tells
The England of old times,
Here Shakespeare heard the old church bells
That still ring out the chimes.

And thus our Island story's told,
To those who it can read,
By city growth and hamlet old,—
A grand old tale indeed.

UP THE RIVER

WITH Marlow and with Cookham Dene and Thames's
silver face ;
With Boulter's Lock and Maidenhead, and Taplow's
sylvan grace ;
With Bisham old and Hurley Lock, and Henley's famous
race ;
With Cliveden's bowers and Medmenham ; this is a glorious
place.

And further up there's Pangbourne town, with river
valley deep ;
And waters back with sedges thick, where fishes rise
and leap ;
And meadows broad and velvet lawns, where willows
seem to weep ;
And quiet pools with glassy face, where waters seem
to sleep.

'Tis beautiful in flowery Spring, with foliage freshly
green ;
'Tis grand in leafy month of June, a grand umbrageous
scene ;
But grander still in August's glow, with Autumn tints,
I ween ;
So rich and varied are the woods, its like is rarely seen.

Of all the charms of Thames's Vale there's none can
equal this,
When Winter gives a radiant Sun that beechen woods
does kiss ;
It is a scene that all should see, a scene that none
should miss,
To walk in Bisham woods is then to give the spirit
bliss.

With gold above and gold below, and golden light
around,
We walk along and softly tread upon the golden
ground ;
These golden hours for golden youth with golden fruit
abound,
And yield more wealth than those possess who are for
gold renowned.

VARIOUS SONNETS

LIFE

I

WHEN gentleness refrains from meet reply
To provocation from the vulgar man,
Exultant then, he proudly passes by,
And so he triumphs on, the vulgar man.
Of good and bad in man whate'er we say,
In matters of our daily common life,
The lower natures often win the day
When higher get but poverty and strife.
The patient suffering of the poor is great,
And puts to shame our querulous complaints,
For thousands, life-long suffering is their fate ;
Who yet live on as uncomplaining saints.
Some lives are favoured much, all must confess,
While other lives are naught but wretchedness.

II

And with those offsprings of our Mother Earth,
The lower animals, 'tis so as well ;
Some have continuous pleasure from their birth
While others know a lot too sad to tell.
The petted dog and cat, the rich man's horse,
Are kept in luxury and long content,
But blows rained on the ass bring no remorse
And worn old jades work on till life is spent.
Whatever retribution man receives
For cruelty to helpless patient beasts,
No consolation their sad lot relieves
Although their tyrant revels on and feasts.
And if to future good all things may tend,
This little gives to those not at the end.

III

For human suffering blest Religion gives
A consolation in a future life
Of rest, for everyone that now here lives
And takes a share in common human strife.
Though this a narrow creed denies, and thrusts
On us a dogma of unending woe ;
Religion, more humane, adoring trusts
A Father kind, and not a vengeful foe.
But for the beasts that end their lives in pain,
And that have lived long time in pain as well,
Without a fault or thought of selfish gain,
What are rewards for these, can any tell ?
So, surely, we should be to them humane,
And utterly abhor inflicting pain.

WAR AND PEACE

I

WHEN present with us war's a demon dread,
And when afar, a spectre that appals ;
Its loathsome hands are deadly, foul and red,
Its dreadful voice for slaughter always calls.
It tears the husband from the loving wife,
It rends the son from parents and from home,
It takes them far away to cursed strife,
Afar on land or on the ocean's foam.
It checks the wheels of progress and advance,
Intensifies grim penury and want,
It lays man's brotherhood in death like trance
Makes fiend-like enmity the earth to haunt.
So war and Christ, at war for ever are,
It blocks the path of His triumphal car.

II

This horrid spectre that affrights the world
Is yet, as all men know, the world's creation ;
When lurid war-flags are by man unfurled
It is to satisfy some aim or nation.
This spectre may from earth be banished quite
If men a just restraint with sense would use,
Then glorious Peace would reign in radiant light
And her benign commands none would refuse.
But universal peace can only come
With spread of spirit of the Prince of Peace,
Then will the horrid throats of guns be dumb
And wars and warlike rumours then will cease.
The darksome clouds of hate will break for aye
And give mankind a peaceful, heavenly sky.

III

When war gives place to peace, how changed the scene!
No longer now the thund'ring cannons roar,
But joy-bells ring, and dancing's on the green,
And lambs disport where battles were before.
The hollow vales and swelling hills now smile
At happy freedom from battalions' tread,
Where thousands lifeless fell of rank and file
The golden corn will fall for daily bread.
No longer now the fierce attack is made
On bastioned fort or battlemented wall,
But all good citizens of every grade
Will work together for the good of all.

Although the world's the same, the change is vast,
For in another mould it seems now cast.

RELIGION

THEOLOGIES are many, new and old,
Religion is but one though old or new,
It is but goodness, when the whole is told,
Though by theology oft screened from view.
And yet theology has been a force
Both living and most potent on mankind,
For it does sometimes mighty men coerce
And makes a savage disposition kind.
Theology is but a means to gain
An end which we Religion rightly name,
But if the end is but a fear of pain
'Tis not Religion though 'tis called the same.
Theology instructs by words and not by things,
Religion soars above on Angels' wings.

SCIENCE

SOME plants will grow on lofty mountain top
And some upon the bottom of the sea,
On land between, their growth does rarely stop:
The world with vegetation clothed we see.
And animals on plants, we know, subsist
By drawing nutriment by plants obtained;
Of all the animals that do exist,
Weak man is highest and he long has reigned,
For man has that which gives him greatest strength.
By Mind he sees, observes, records, and thinks,
And then by sound deductions he at length
Great Science reaches—end of many links.
Thus science is the intellectual goal,
Religion's the attainment of the soul.

METAPHYSICS

AS, from a beautiful and fertile land,
With verdure, richest shade, and golden corn,
A trav'ler entered an expanse of sand
Quite dry and barren, dreary and forlorn,
He said, how like to metaphysics this
That is so valueless for good of man,
Or even for that pleasure some think bliss,
And which no one is right to always ban.
While realms of thought there are of greatest use
For mankind's welfare and the good of all,
It seems of time and mental power abuse,
To prove that there is nothing here at all.

The consciousness that's common to mankind,
Must be the limit of the human mind.

SPORT

How many meanings one word may convey,
Not only diverse but sometimes opposed,
Thus sport's a word that different men may say
With different meanings as the soul's composed.
The sport of olden times we now would call
Barbarity, and much that now is known
As sport, will in the better future fall
To occupy a place brave men disown;
For cowardly it is to use our strength
To kill and torture simply to enjoy:
When man eliminates the brute at length,
Our savage methods he will not employ.

Advance of all mankind is very slow,
But upward still we evidently go.

HONOUR

OF two used meanings of a word we find,
Although these meanings may be quite opposed
The difference is not present to the mind
Unless it be for quiet thought composed.
So honour in two senses oft is used,
The lower is employed in daily speech,
The higher is a sense that's much abused
By those who are too low for honour's reach.
The lower sense is merely mundane gain,
That's linked with glory, tinsel of to-day,
The higher is a frequent source of pain,
But gilds the soul of man with heavenly ray.
 Yet both are moving forces to mankind,
 The one sees clearly but the better's blind.

SAINTS

THE Church's saints of old were men of mark,
And women who were nobly great and good;
They were the shining lights in times called dark,
Who for their faith oft gave their own life's blood.
In calendars their names are now enshrined,
And in their honour are appointed days,
But many thousand others we should find
If we knew better ancient times and ways.
And since the early Church struck deep her roots,
Through all the centuries that since have been,
Unnumbered saints have lived and borne good fruits,
Though in no record are their names now seen.
 And, too, before the Church there were e'en then,
 As now, true saints, and noble, great good men.

SINNERS

THE life of man is chequered at the best,
For 'tis controlled by unseen potent force,
A varying one—a master yet a guest—
That is of all man's motives chiefest source.
But 'tis a force complex, and is result
Of forces, some of which we know diverge,
As well in childhood as mature adult,
And never do they all in us converge.
This strong resultant force in all, proceeds
From mental power and disposition first,
Then, from the training that in life succeeds,
By all that may have blest the man or curst.
No wonder then that none do always right—
We want the power and we want the light.

BIGOTRY

I

AS foulest weed will grow on richest soil
When not by better growths well occupied,
So bigotry does sometimes mar and spoil
A mind by nature generous and wide.
For bigotry may spring from love of right,
That for its triumph has intense desire,
And puts all else in darkness of the night—
The shade produced by concentrated fire.
But Right's a shield with many different sides,
Though one side shine to some with dazzling ray,
But one into another always glides,
And more and more are seen from day to day.
The Universe to bigots is but small
Although it is the boundless All in All.

II

But bigotry we know is not confined
To theologic or politic creed,
For e'en in science it does warp the mind
And to perversion of the truth does lead.
And when high scientific bigots sit
In solemn judgment on their fellow men,
They outrage waiting Justice spite of wit,
For wit departs and they are senseless then.
But in all spheres, if bigotry be rife,
It has the same effect and same the fruit ;
It narrows thought and much restricts the life,
And is of base injustice fertile root.

The truth we know, we think is all that's true,
Its smallness we should see if more we knew.

INTOLERANCE

OF bigotry, intolerance is the flower,
Though void of sweetness, beauty, charm and grace,
And with a baneful diabolic power
That changes quite the spirit's face.
To kindest men and kindest women, too,
'Twill give sometimes a new and dreadful voice
And make them all things most unjustly view,
Speak evil of the good, at harm rejoice.
How much they limit the Almighty Love
That gives to all the sunshine and the rain,
They seem to think the all-wise Power above
Does over pets and hated creatures reign—
The pets, the few that are like them in mind,
The hated ones, the bulk of all mankind.

PURITANISM

THE blameless life is beautiful and fair
Above all others, flower of spotless white,
That should be revered everywhere,
For 'tis embodiment of love and right.
But why should Art and beauty be condemned
With all the charms that Nature gives to life?
And why should tinted flowers be condemned
When natural products of our fields of strife?
As Burns has said, "we know not what's resisted,"
Nor do we know the mental needs of each,
For since of all the men that e'er existed
No two can be alike howe'er we preach.
 'Tis those still blind to brightness in a gem
 That do the better visioned ones condemn.

ASCETICISM

ASCETICISM is born of rampant vice
That sometimes undermines a Nation's life,
For 'tis reaction that does but suffice
To satisfy disgust at vileness rife.
Inhuman 'tis, so it can only hold
The few, who, wishing most themselves to save,
Postpone their pleasure, while in chilly fold,
Until a longer time beyond the grave.
Yet it has served great purposes of State
By the enthusiasm it oft inspires,
Which serves sometimes great evils to abate
And thwarts a despot's tyrannous desires.
 Our minds and dispositions range so wide,
 Some men swim with and some against the tide.

WEALTH

RESULTANT of converging forces strong,
My wealth an added force now gives to me
To do some good to men or do great wrong,
Or, but to eat that I may merely be.
Though wrongly we may spend our gotten gold,
It gives, when spent, to many others gain,
And thus will help the poor, the sick, and old,
So gold is antidote to its own bane.
And wealth is sunshine to the garden small
Where grow the precious treasures of Fine Art,
That when produced are for the good of all,
And for the general welfare play a part.

Our golden wealth wants other wealth to bless
A store of sense and goodness, nothing less.

POVERTY

A MAN with power of body, power of mind,
Was lying prone and impotent to act,
For he was bound with cords and quite entwined
And useless then was all his power and tact.
So poverty confines the power of man
And throws a veil o'er choicest fruits and gifts ;
It puts him underneath a life-long ban
And gathers then a cloud that seldom lifts.
Yet poverty oft comes from power and aim,
When on endeavour it is consequent,
While those who have no thought of good or fame
Are fitted for their own aggrandisement.

Yet still the rich receive respect and praise
For knowing how themselves to wealth to raise.

MONEY

I SAW an angel—she was passing fair
Although she had a base metallic gloss.
“I’ll give rich treasure quite beyond compare,”
She said, “to him who throws away his dross.”
What is this worthless dross of which you speak?
“Philosophy, and science, and fine art,
And poetry, and all in books men seek;
Instead, let wealth and pleasure gain the heart.”
A poor exchange indeed ’twould be, fair maid,
For that which dross you call is constant pleasure,
Transcending all return from wealth or trade,
And so is far above your sordid treasure.
To different minds are different aims and goals,
The gain to some is loss to other souls.

DREAMS

THE haunted chambers of the mind in sleep
Are filled with fleeting visions of the past;
Nor past alone, for oft we seem to leap
Across the future that is thus forecast.
A dream’s not baseless, as great Shakespeare said,
But stands on base of well remembered fact,
To which the living thought is often wed—
The thought that makes the man awake to act.
So reason, thus, in dreams takes frequent part,
And, with remembrance, shadows future things,
Though not by chance and not by conscious art
But by the mind in fancy taking wings.
The possibilities of mind are vast,
What wonder, then, it sometimes does forecast.

SUNDAY

How peaceful is an English Sunday morn!
No sound but carol of the lark on wing,
The scythe's at rest, no sickle's in the corn.
But now we hear the village church bells ring,
And smiling groups from cottage, farm and grange,
By lanes and field-paths seek the sacred fane,
Where all are neighbours and no one is strange,
And all seek good apart from worldly gain.
The pleasant meetings of those near of kin,
With Summer evening walk or Winter fire,
Complete the blessed day we feel we win
From anxious care our lower needs require.
The cheerful day of rest, we Sunday call.
Is for the highest good of one and all.

CHRISTMAS

OLD fashioned Christmas! thou art welcome still,
Thy cheery face and bounty giving hands
Proclaim to all around thy right good will,
Not bounded by the breadth of Race or lands,
Nor by extent of faith nor any creed,
For all humanity may claim thy love
And in thy smile a blessed kindness read—
An Angel thou! robust yet from above.
How pale and poor are all the new conceits
That variegate the mental view to-day,
Not one the heart of human-nature meets
Like Christmas with its Spirit kind and gay.
The New that's good is but the polished Old,
That through the ages has been precious gold.

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